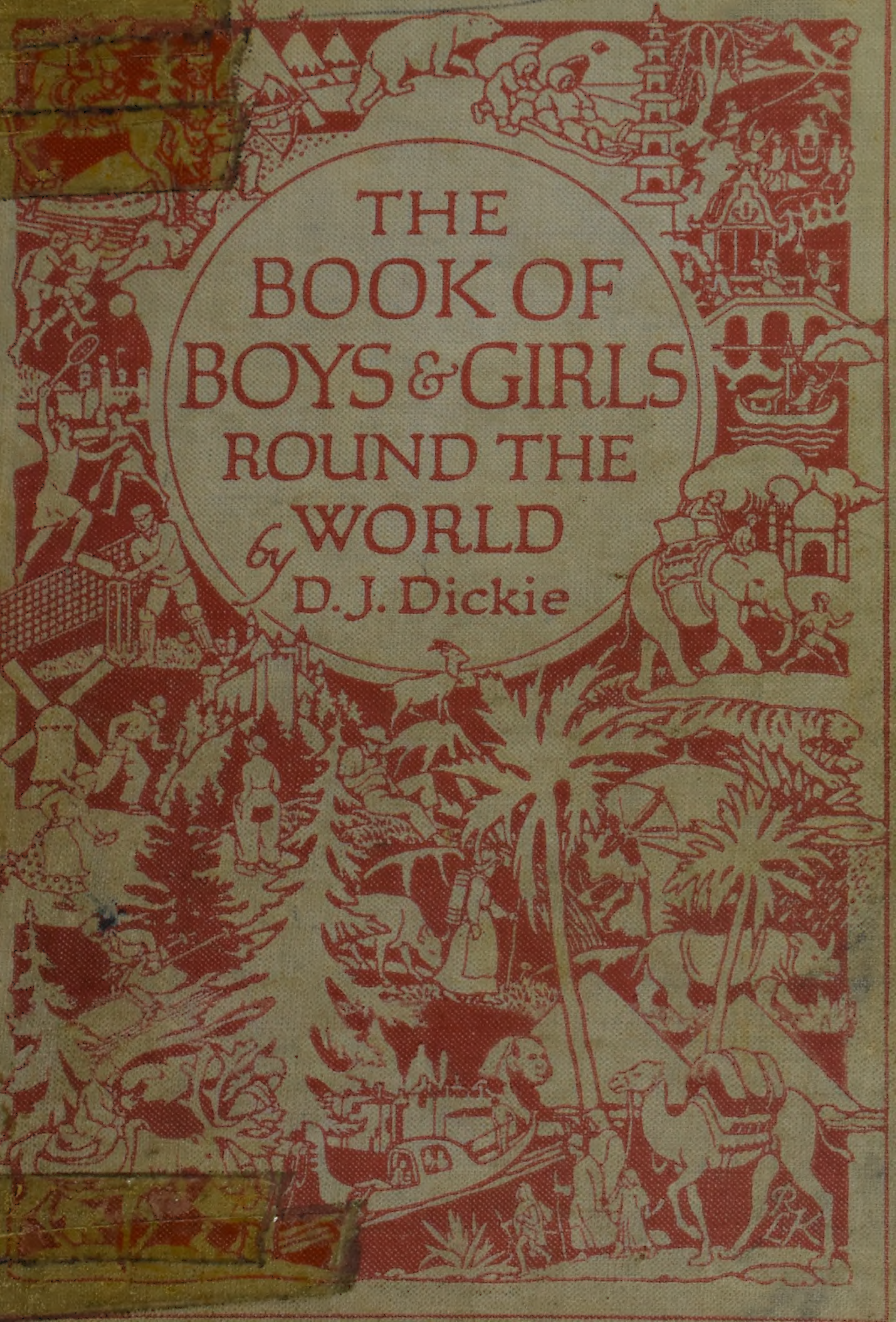
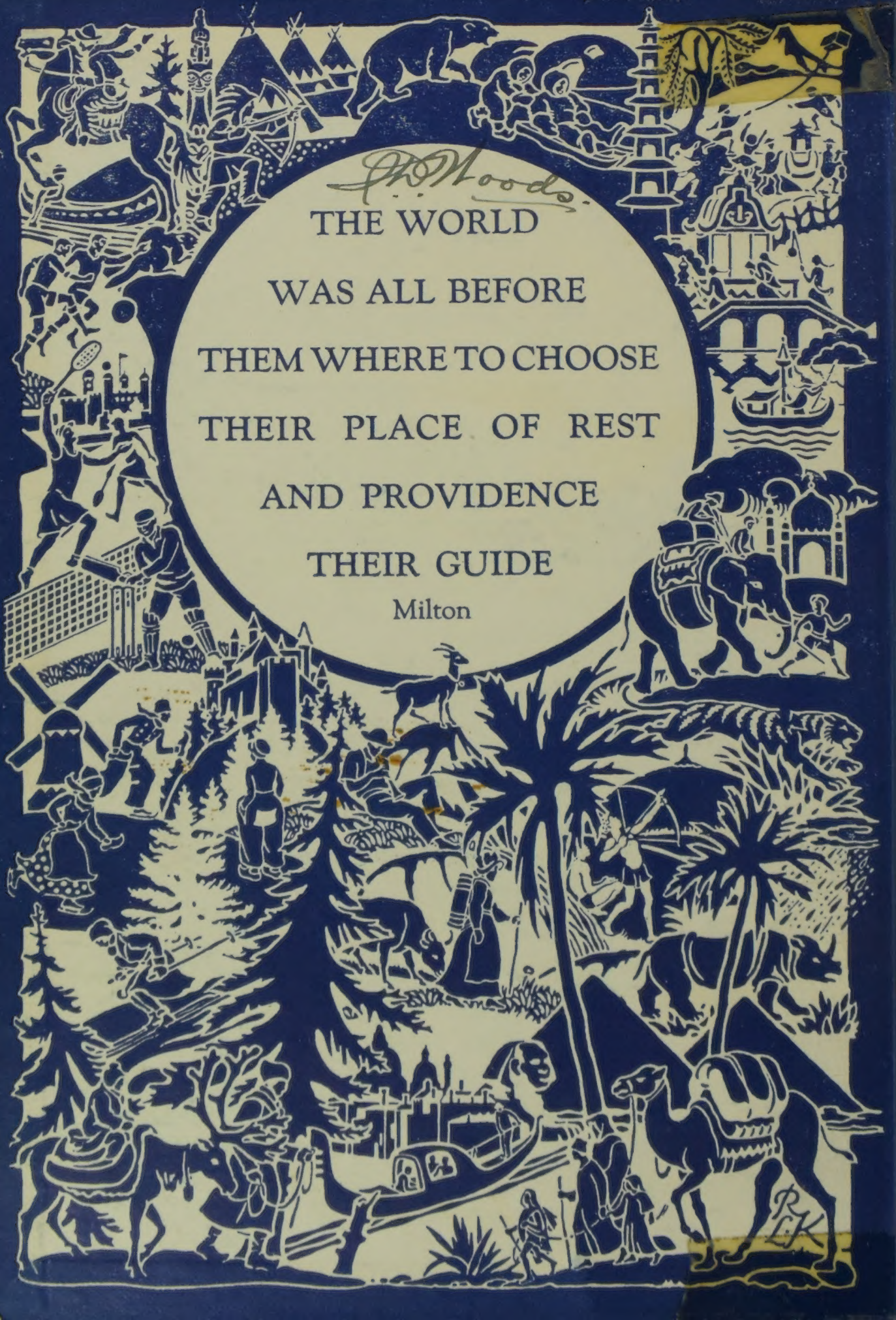
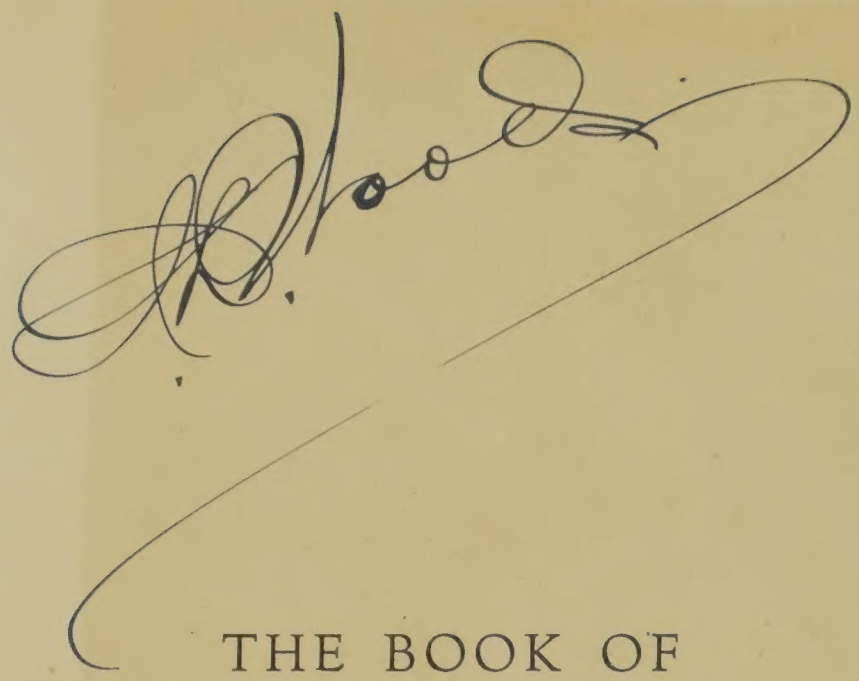

THE
BOOK OF
BOYS & GIRLS
ROUND THE
WORLD
D. J. Dickie


THE WORLD
WAS ALL BEFORE
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AND PROVIDENCE
THEIR GUIDE
Milton


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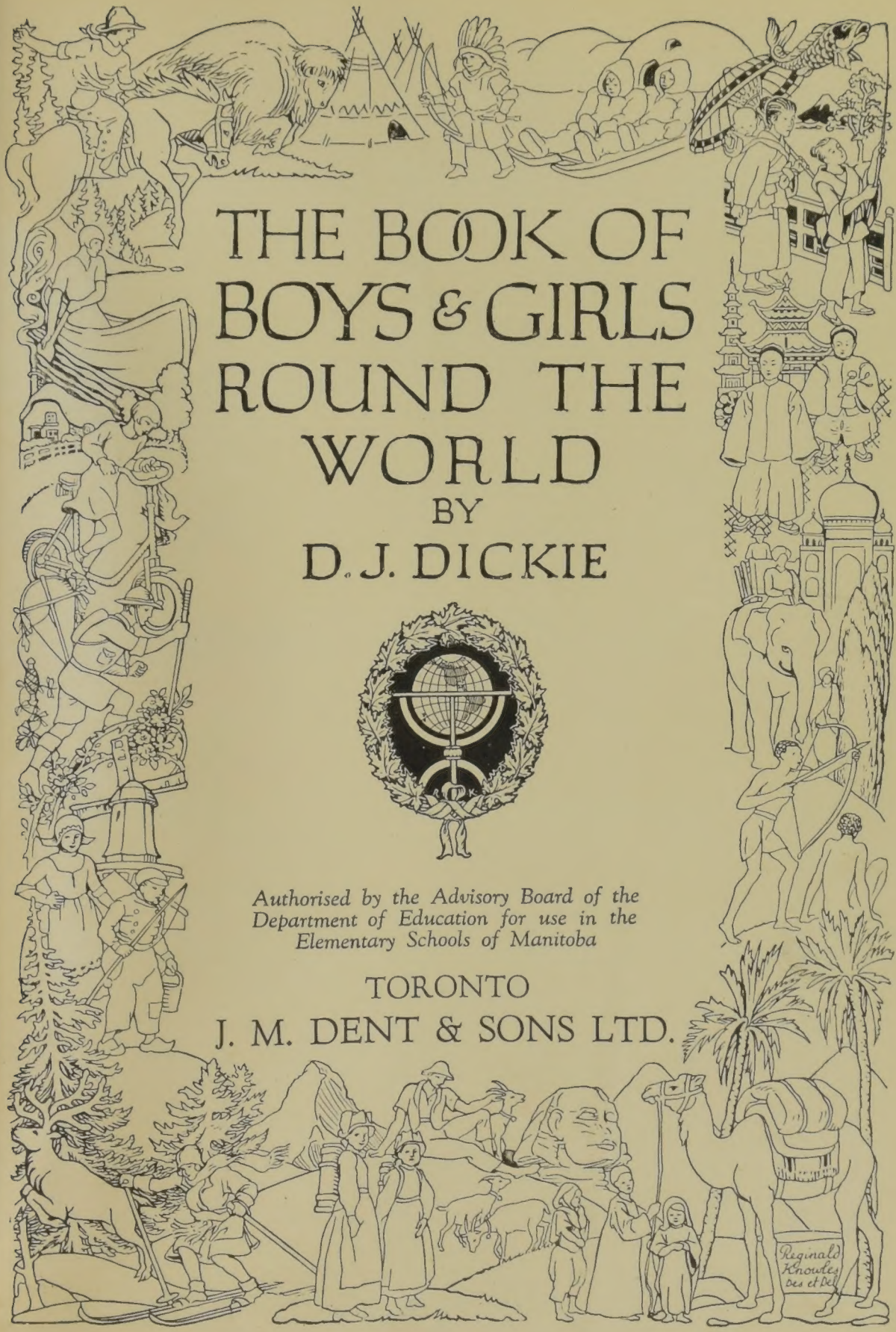


THE BOOK OF BOYS AND GIRLS ROUND THE WORLD



Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE EMPRESS OF CANADA.



THE BOOK OF BOYS & GIRLS ROUND THE WORLD

BY

D. J. DICKIE

Authorised by the Advisory Board of the Department of Education for use in the Elementary Schools of Manitoba

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PREFACE

A JOURNEY round the world in imagination may be the next best thing to a journey round it in reality. If boys and girls will make their minds travel; if they will try to SEE the people and places visited, it all becomes amazingly real. If they will read carefully and do the exercises, they will find themselves in possession of a good deal of information which will help to make the geography to be studied in the higher grades simple and interesting.

The thanks of the boys and girls, as well as those of author and publishers, are due in large measure to the Governments of Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Norway, and to the British Foreign Office, for the beautiful photographs which they have so graciously sent as gifts to the children of Canada. The kindness of our own Government, which supplied the photographs of the Eskimos, and that of several private friends, is acknowledged in the text. Miss Clara Santcross, a representative of the N.V. Vereenigde Fotobureaux, Amsterdam, has been good enough to read that part of the text which has to do with Holland. In addition, I am deeply indebted to Dr. R. C. Wallace, President of the University of Alberta, who kindly supplied the information about the Hudson Bay Railway; and to Mr. E. Parker, Inspector of Schools, Winnipeg, who not only advised me as to the plan of the whole book, but made many valuable suggestions as to detail.

D. J. DICKIE.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Current Events Class	1
Winnipeg	2
The Long Summer Day	9
Eskimo Summer Homes	9
An Eskimo Family	10
Eskimo Children	11
What Eskimos Eat	13
Summer Hunting	14
Winter Hunting	16
The Igloo	17
How the Eskimos Travel	19
Nogasak's Lesson	21
The Games they Play	22
Eskimo Dancing	23
More Letters	25
We Took the Train to Vancouver	26
The Dock	27
The Ship	28
Where we are Going	30
Japan	32
Yokohama	34
Japanese Boys and Girls	36
Tokio	37
Japanese Farmers	38
Plum Blossom	42
A Japanese House	43
Sayonara	45
Asia	47
China	48
Shanghai	49
The Land of Great Waterways	52
The Silkworms	54
Sing	57
A Strange Way to Fish	58
The Bamboo	59
Peking	60
The Great Wall	61
Chinese Boats	62
Singapore	65
India	66
Ceylon	68
On the Way to Kandy	69
Calcutta	70
At the School	71
A Village in India	74
The Tea Farm	76
Up the Ganges	78
The Taj Mahal	81
The Bazaar	81
A Striking Thing about India	83
On the Way to Central Africa	85
Crossing the Equator	86
Mombasa	88
The Coffee Country	91
The Big Game Country	92
Uganda	93
A Journey in a Teapoy	96
The Negro Village	98
Toro's Farm	99
Cheap Living	101
Supper	101
A Day with Toro	103
The Hunting Party	104
The Pygmies	106
Down the Nile	107
The Sudd Country	109
The Grasslands	110
Khartoum	111
The Great Desert	112
The Caravan	113
A Day's Journey	115
Khadra and Hussein	116
The Sandstorm	118
The Oasis Town	120
Watering the Gardens	121
The Date Palms	123
Koofahs	124
The Great Dam at Assuan	126
Egypt	127
The Nile Flood	127
Ahmed and Fuad	130
The Home of Ahmed and Fuad	132
In the Country	133
An Egyptian Farm	134
The Village	136
Cotton	137
The Pyramids	138
The Sphinx	140
The Suez Canal	141
Genoa	142
Across the Italian Plains	144
Switzerland	146
Hans and Hilda	147
The Village	150

	PAGE
Haymaking	151
A Day with Gottfried	152
The Fête Day	155
The Two Pastures	156
The High Alps	157
Other Swiss Milk Foods	158
Another Kind of Summer Work	160
Winter Work	162
A Swiss City	163
Winter Sports	166
Geneva	167
Down the Rhine	168
The Netherlands	171
The Dikes	172
Dutch Fishermen	173
Rotterdam	175
The Canals	176
Polder Land	178
The Village	179
A Dutch House	180
Jan and Truitje	180
The Farm	182
The Dairy of England	184
A Bulb Farm	185
Amsterdam	188
The Ryks Museum	189
The Zuider Zee	190
Push Ball	190
Norway	192
Bergen	193
Boys and Girls	194
A Journey up the Coast	196
The Fiord	197
The Village	198
The Farm	198
Norwegian Crops	199
At the Saeter	200
Fishermen Farmers	202
When Winter Comes	203
The Cod Fishing	205
The Long Winter Night	206
The Laplanders	208
Oslo	209
London	211
Canterbury	214
Oxford	215
Colchester	217
Stratford-on-Avon	218
Birmingham	219
The Lake Country	220
Edinburgh	223
Glasgow	224
Belfast	226
Dublin	227
Homeward Bound	228
The Earth	230
The Directions	231
Maps	232
The Western Hemisphere	233
The Eastern Hemisphere	234

Index 239

LIST OF COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

The Empress of Canada	*Frontispiece*	
Lower Fort Garry from the Air	*Facing page*	5
Japan	,,	36
China	,,	49
Ceylon	,,	69
India	,,	80
Egypt	,,	126
Holy Land	,,	141
Italy	,,	144
England	,,	212
Western Hemisphere	,,	233
Eastern Hemisphere	,,	234

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

A Vein of Ore 1
Map: Hudson Bay 2
Transferring Goods from a Plane to a Dog-team on the Way to the Mines of Northern Manitoba 3
The Pass, Manitoba 4
Kettle Rapids 6
Hudson Bay 7
An Eskimo Family 10
Nogasak in her Winter Suit 11
Three Eskimo Boys 12
Gathering Eggs 14
Collecting Grass for Fuel 15
Skins Bought from the Eskimos 16
Building an Igloo 17
Eskimo Boy Learning to Use the Long Whip with which the Dog-team is Driven 18
An Eskimo in his Kyack 20
Eskimo Fancywork 21
Ready for Bed 22
Eskimo Drums 22
Eskimo with Stones Set into his Chin for Ornament 23
Eskimos Living in Canvas Tents 24
One of the Largest Engines in the World 26
Docks at Vancouver, B.C. 28
Map: China and Japan 30
Japanese Girls, Gathering Clams, Welcome Us with Smiles 32
Grass Rain-hat and Rain-coat of Japan 32
Street in Japanese Village 33
A Japanese Conjurer 36
A Japanese Garden 37
Paddy Fields 39
What are they Doing with the Rice in these Pictures? 40
Plum Blossom and her Friend 42
Inside a Japanese House 43
Fish Flags in Front of a Japanese House 44
Japanese Tea-table 45
A Japanese Shoemaker 45
Sayonara 46
Map of Asia 47
A Chinese Junk 48
A Chinese Wheelbarrow 50
A Chinese Street 51
A Chinese Woman's Bound Foot 51
Chinese Sedan Chair 52
Chinese Woman Grinding Corn 53
Silkworms on Mulberry Leaves 54
Cocoons of the Silkworm 55
Pagoda 56

PAGE

Sing, at Four Years 57
Bamboo Trees 59
This is the Temple of Heaven at Peking 60
The Great Wall of China 62
A Chinese House-boat 63
Jade Street, Peking 64
Malay Huts at Singapore 65
Map: India and Ceylon 66
Coco-nuts Growing 68
Tapped Rubber Tree 69
The Howrah Bridge, Calcutta 71
Martha, Patsy, and Bahadur 72
Boys of the School 72
The Missionary's House 73
A Bengal Village 74
Water-carrier in India 75
A Tea Plantation 77
Picking the Leaves of the Tea Plant 78
Farmer Ploughing in India 79
The Taj Mahal 80
In the Bazaar 82
Conjurors 82
Boy Driving a Bullock in India 83
A Farm in India 84
Aden 85
Mombasa Harbour 86
Natives Carrying Ivory Aboard the Ship in Mombasa Harbour . . . 88
Negroes in Skins Treated with Fat and Red Earth 89
Coffee in Flower 90
A Sisal Plantation 90
African Zebra 92
A Flock of Ostriches 93
Street in Jinja, Uganda 94
Africa: Native War Dance. Native Warriors. Native Band. Native Doctor. Native Conference 95
Cutting Down a Mahogany-tree in a Tropical Forest 96
Banana Tree 96
Travelling by Teapoy 97
African Village, with Negro Boys Dancing 97
Building a House in Uganda 98
Drying Cocoa Beans in West Africa 99
Climbing an Oil-palm 100
Hippopotamus 102
Negro Baby 103
A Rhinoceros 104
Negro War Dance 105
Pigmy and White Man 106
Pigmy Huts 106
An Elephant 108
Map of Africa 109
A Giraffe 110
Negro Children 111
Loading the Camels 114
Part of our Caravan 115
A Bedouin Family 117
Spinning with Home-made Wheel 119
An Oasis Town 120
Watering the Gardens 121
A Desert Flour-mill 122

PAGE
Dates Growing 123
Strange Boats used by the Desert People 125
The Great Dam at Assuan 126
King Fuad's Palace, Cairo. Sultan Hassam Mosque, Cairo. Sphinx and Pyramid near Cairo. King Tut's Tomb, Thebes. Nile River Steamer, Bedrechein 128
Land Flooded by the Nile 129
The Lemonade Seller 130
A Street in Cairo 131
In the Bazaars 132
The Boys' Father and Mother 133
Threshing with a Norag 134
Ploughing on an Egyptian Farm 135
An Egyptian Village 136
Cotton Growing 137
The Pyramids 139
The Sphinx 140
In the Suez Canal 141
Map of Europe 143
Drying Macaroni in Italy 144
The Grand Canal, Venice 145
The St. Gotthard Railway, Winding Back and Forth as it Climbs . . . 146
Hans and Hilda 147
The Station at which we Leave the Train 148
The Lehmans' House 149
A Swiss Village 150
Taking Home the Hay in Switzerland 152
Swiss Embroidery 153
Where the Cheese is Made 153
The Goatherds 154
The Herdsmen setting off for the Summer Pastures with their Cows . . 155
The House at the First Pasture 156
Swiss Carrying Cheese 158
Another Way of Carrying the Milk in Switzerland 159
Climbers Roped Together 159
In the Butter Factory 160
The Matterhorn: a Famous Swiss Mountain 161
Making Baskets 162
Zürich, the Commercial Centre of Switzerland 163
Swiss Potters at Work 164
Swiss Stream Running Away from the End of a Glacier 165
Swiss Girls in National Costume 166
Geneva 167
Gathering Grapes to Make Wine, near Geneva 169
A Ruined Castle 170
The Netherlands 171
A Dutch Dike 172
Children of a Fishing Village 174
Rotterdam Harbour from the Air 175
Barge Loading Turnips on Dutch Canal 177
A Bee-farm in Holland 178
The Water-maid in a Dutch Village 179
Jan and Truitje on their Way to School in the Winter 181
Raking Hay on Dutch Farm 182
The Cheese Market at Alkmaar 183
The Milkwoman in a Dutch Village 184
The Tulip Field 186
The Cattle Market 187
In the Diamond-cutting Factory 188

PAGE

Push Ball 191
Bergen 192
Cleaning Fish 194
Ski-ing 195
A Norwegian Fiord 197
A Norwegian Farm 199
Making Hay 200
Magnhild and Sonja Making Cheese at the Saeter, or High Pasture . . 201
The Stabur, or Storehouse, where the Winter Supplies are Kept . . 202
Fishing in the Fiord 203
Making Christmas Toys 204
A Laplander Driving a Reindeer 206
A Lapp Mother 208
Oslo (or Christiania) 209
The Tower of London 211
Canterbury Cathedral 214
Butchery Lane, Canterbury 214
Christ Church, Oxford 216
The Roman Wall, Colchester 217
Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon 219
Wordsworth's Daffodils at Ullswater 220
Map: The British Isles 221
Edinburgh: the Castle 223
The New Dublin 227
Guiding Stars 231
The Globe 232
Map: The Continental Game 236

OUR CURRENT EVENTS CLASS

In our school we have Current Events from 9 to 9.30. The boys and girls bring in news items and pieces from the papers describing the important things that happen. We often have arguments about these topics. Some of the pupils have very strong opinions about prohibition and the wheat pool and other great questions. At the end of the month we vote on the events talked over, and the pupil who has brought in the most interesting subject gets a prize.

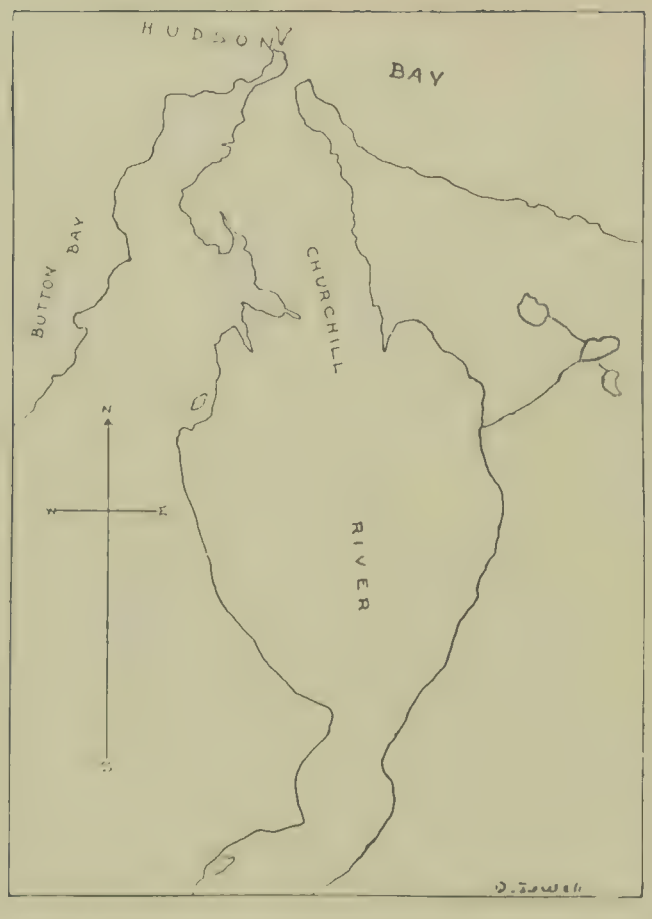


Manitoba Chamber of Mines

A VEIN OF ORE

Harry Boyle got the prize last month for an article about the Flin Flon Mine. In his speech he said that he thought all the men who were out of work should go to work in the new mines. Ethel Hasset said that she thought that silly, for if all the men went to work in the mines, who would work the farms? Tim Frost said you could get more money from mines than from farms, but Ethel said you couldn't. We had a hot argument that time. Afterwards we had a debate on the question: That mines are more valuable than farms. The farms won.

The next day May Jackson reminded us that we had taken several journeys about the province, and asked the teacher if



we might not take one to Flin Flon. The teacher thought it a good idea and said that we ought to go on to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay. Joe Thompson asked if we should see Eskimos at Fort Churchill. The teacher thought we should; but she said we might get a whaling ship from Fort Churchill up the coast of Hudson Bay to Chesterfield Inlet where there were many Eskimos. In the end we decided to go all the way to Chesterfield Inlet. We started from Winnipeg.

THINGS TO DO

1. Find out what railway line you would take to reach Winnipeg.
2. Find out how much the ticket would cost.
3. Find out how long it would take you to reach Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG

Winnipeg is the largest city on the prairies. It is built at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine rivers. The country round about is prairie, but there are fine woods along the banks of the rivers. In these woods the people have laid out parks.

Winnipeg is the capital of Manitoba. The teacher took us to visit the Parliament buildings. They are built of white

stone and are very beautiful. Afterwards we walked on Portage Avenue and had our supper in a restaurant. It was fun choosing things to eat from the menu.



Manitoba Chamber of Mines

TRANSFERRING GOODS FROM A PLANE TO A DOG-TEAM ON THE WAY TO THE MINES OF NORTHERN MANITOBA

In Winnipeg we each bought a small note-book to use as a diary. A diary is a book in which you write down what happens every day. The teacher said she would choose the best parts from our diaries of the trip to be printed. These are the parts she chose.

July 5.

We left Winnipeg at 9 o'clock in the morning on the train for Portage la Prairie. One of the boys was almost left behind. He knew the engine driver and went off to ask if he might ride on the engine. The driver would not let him, and he got into the coach barely in time. The teacher scolded him. She said that she could not be responsible for us unless we stayed together. It had rained in the night, and the great wheat-fields looked very green and fresh. From Portage la Prairie we travelled north-west towards Hudson Bay Junction. There were fine farms on both sides of the railway. We passed many towns. At noon the train stopped

twenty minutes for lunch. We hurried into the station to buy milk and sandwiches. The woman had not expected so many, and there were not enough sandwiches, so she gave us buns with meat in them instead. As we travelled farther north we noticed that there were more and larger trees. We crossed the boundary line into Saskatchewan to reach Hudson Bay Junction.

July 6.

To-day we crossed back into Manitoba and came on to The Pas. The Pas is on the Saskatchewan River. It is one



Department of National Defence

THE PAS, MANITOBA

of the oldest towns in Manitoba. Anthony Hendry stopped here, visiting the French fur-trading post on his way up the Saskatchewan in 1754. The Pas was little more than a fur-trading post until quite lately. After the rich copper and gold mines were discovered at Flin Flon, however, The Pas grew rapidly. It is now a very busy place. Quantities of supplies and machines are brought here to be shipped to the mines. When the mines begin to be worked, the ore will be shipped out through The Pas. No doubt it will become a large city.



LOWER FORT GARRY, FROM THE AIR, IN 1927

July 8.

Our visit to the mines was very exciting. There are three great ones: the Flin Flon, Mandy, and Sheritt-Gordon mines. They lie eighty miles north-west of The Pas on the boundary line between Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Out of these mines the men expect to get great quantities of zinc, copper, gold, and silver.

They have not begun to work the mines yet. They are still busy finding out how large and rich they are. They do this by drilling down into the ground with diamond drills. The diamond drill is a small steel pipe with diamonds round the mouth. The drill is made to rotate, cutting deeper and deeper into the rock. When it is drawn up, it brings up a core of rock which has stuck in the steel pipe. The men study this core of rock and from it tell what minerals are found in the rock at that place. They put the diamond drills down in a slanting direction and about 250 feet apart. When the core brought up has no valuable metals in it, they know that they have reached the end of the mine. In the old days much time and money was wasted in digging mines where no minerals were found. Nowadays the men know just where the minerals are before they begin to dig. They are so sure that the zinc, copper, gold, and silver are there that they have built a railway from The Pas to the mines; they have put up shacks and stores, and have brought in a great deal of expensive machinery. Soon they will begin to work the mines and to ship ore.

July 11.

After our visit to the mines, we returned to The Pas and took the train for Fort Churchill. It was very interesting to travel over the Hudson Bay Railway, about which there has been so much talk. It is cheaper to carry goods on ships than on trains. The wheat of Western Canada has had a long journey in the train before being put into ships at Fort William. Now it will have only a short journey over the Hudson Bay Railway to Fort Churchill where it can be

loaded on ships which will carry it to Europe. The short railway journey will save the farmers a great deal of money.

July 12.

We reached Kettle Rapids this afternoon. We have travelled over a flat country covered with Jack pine and poplar. We



Department of National Defence

KETTLE RAPIDS

began counting the little lakes and streams which we passed, but there were so many that we all lost count in the end. At Kettle Rapids we crossed the Nelson River. It was wide and full of islands. Some miles farther on the railway turns north towards Fort Churchill. The men had a great deal of trouble in building this part of the line. The country is so level that it is not very well drained. Much of it is covered with muskeg, and the railway had to be built over this spongy soil. It will take time and money to make the road-bed solid.

July 14.

Fort Churchill lies on Hudson Bay at the mouth of the Churchill River. The harbour, which is six miles long, is guarded by two rocky headlands which keep out storms and great waves. There is a R.C.M.P. post and a Hudson Bay Company post. The railway runs down to the docks which



On-to-the-Bay Association

HUDSON BAY

are built along the shore. There is plenty of level land about for sheds and elevators, and space for the great city which everyone expects will soon grow up here.

July 30.

Beyond the docks at Fort Churchill there is a whaling station. When we had visited the town and harbour we went over to find out whether we could get passage on a whaling ship to Chesterfield Inlet. As luck would have it, a ship was leaving port the very next day, so we were able to come north at once. The ship was small and we were crowded, but everyone enjoyed the trip up the bay very much. The captain had his son, Tom, with him. Tom has been twice at the fishing station at Chesterfield Inlet. He told us many stories about the Eskimos and promised to introduce us to a little Eskimo girl whom he knew.

A GAME

Arrange these names in the order in which we met them on our journey to Chesterfield Inlet.

Kettle Rapids	Hudson Bay Junction	Winnipeg
Flin Flon	Portage la Prairie	Mandy
The Pas	Fort Churchill	Nelson River

THINGS TO DO

1. Tell in what direction we travelled on our journey.
2. Make a plasticine or sand table model of our journey to Fort Churchill.

THE LONG SUMMER DAY

As we have travelled farther and farther north, we have seen the days grow longer and longer. Here at Chesterfield Inlet the sun seems to sweep in a great circle round the sky. It sets only for a short time about midnight. If we were a little farther north we should see it shining all night long. For six whole weeks, from the last of May till the middle of July, it never once goes out of sight. If we were to go all the way to the North Pole, we should find it light for six months together, from March 21 till September 22.

At Chesterfield Inlet it sets for a short time. Each night it stays down a little longer than it did the night before. At last, about the end of November, it will rise only for a short time about noon each day. From the end of November till the middle of January the people do nearly all their work by lamplight. This seems hard; but they are better off than if they lived at the North Pole, where the winter night lasts from September 22 till March 21—six long months.

ESKIMO SUMMER HOMES

After lunch Tom took us to visit the Eskimo tents behind the town. The Eskimo calls his tent a topick. It is usually made of seal or deer skin. The skin is dressed in its natural oil, which makes it waterproof but gives it a very unpleasant smell. The topick is made of several skins sewed together and supported on poles. It is shaped like an Indian teepee and has a flap for a door but no opening at the top. Till quite recently the Eskimo ate his meat raw. As he had no use for a fire, he did not need a chimney on his summer home.

AN ESKIMO FAMILY

While we were walking about, Ilavinirk came back with his wife and daughter, and Jean introduced us. Nogasak is only ten and small for her age, but she speaks some English. Ilavinirk welcomed us in English and Mamauk invited us into their topick. As we admired their clothes very much, they let us take a snapshot of them before going inside.



Department of the Interior, Ottawa

AN ESKIMO FAMILY

We sat down on the skins, and Ilavinirk showed us his weapons. He has a great bow made of several pieces of horn spliced together. The bow is strengthened with a plaited cord of sinew and will send an arrow a great distance. He used to use this bow for deer hunting, but now he uses a gun which he has bought from the traders. Ilavinirk has also a spear for spearing fish, and a harpoon for seal hunting.

The long sealskin lines which we noticed in the corner are for fastening to the harpoon. Ilavinirk explained that the line had been cut from a whole sealskin. When a line is needed, the skin is stripped off over the seal's head without being cut. The skin is hung in the water till the hair and black outer skin peel off. The white inner skin is then laid down and cut with a sharp knife round and round, like an apple peeling, till the whole has been cut up. It makes a very strong line.

Mamauk, who spends much of her time making clothes for

her family, showed us her deerskin sewing-bag. She had some steel needles and spools of thread in it, but a great deal of her sewing is done with a needle of bone threaded with sinew.

At present she is making a sleeping-bag. It is a long narrow waterproof bag of skin, lined with heavy winter deerskins. One gets into it through an opening near the top. Once inside, the opening may be closed with a flap and buttons, and the sleeper remains warm through a night of forty-below-zero weather.

Ilavinirk seemed proud of his wife's work. Eskimo families are fond of one another and they live happily together without quarrelling. A few rich men have two wives, but in most families there is only one wife and not more than three children. The babies are carried in the hood on their mother's back till they are about two. While they live in the hood they need no clothes and wear none.



Department of the Interior, Ottawa

NOGASAK IN HER WINTER SUIT

ESKIMO CHILDREN

Eskimo children ought to be very happy. Mamauk asked Nogasak, whom she called "mother," to show us her toys, but the little girl shook her head and stared at us. Her mother did not reprove her but got up and herself brought the toys.

Tom told us that Eskimo children are neither scolded nor punished, nor made to obey till after they are twelve years old. Their parents let them do exactly as they wish, and even themselves obey them. They do this because of a strange belief which they have. They think that when a person dies his soul waits near his body till a child is born; then the soul of the dead person enters the body of the baby, taking care of it till the child is twelve or thirteen. Ilavinirk and Mamauk think that the soul of Mamauk's mother is in Nogasak. They call her " mother " and always treat her respectfully. They expect that after she is twelve her own soul will take charge of her. They will then begin to punish her and to make her obey them.



Department of the Interior, Ottawa

THREE ESKIMO BOYS

Nogasak's toys are quite pretty. She has two wooden dolls, a tiny kyack, and a doll's sled. Ilavinirk showed us an ivory block with a pin fastened to it by a sinew. The block has holes in it, each hole counting so much. A game is played by swinging up the block and catching it upon the pin. If the pin goes into certain holes it counts a great deal. We made hardly any counts, but Ilavinirk was good at the game.

THINK OF A WORD

Study the pictures on pages 10 and 11, and think of the word which will best complete each of these sentences.

1. Ilavinirk's blouse is made of .
2. The is on the inside of his blouse.

3. His trousers are made of .
4. He wears long boots.
5. The fur has been taken off the of his boots.
6. Mamauk wears a rich skin jacket.
7. It is trimmed with .
8. She too wears trousers but they are hidden by the of her jacket.
9. She wears her hair in two .
10. She wears moccasins and fur .
11. Ilavinirk and Mamauk have hanging down the backs of their coats.
12. When Nogasak was a baby Mamauk carried her in the .
13. Nogasak wears a coat and leggings with the inside.
14. In winter she puts another suit on top of the first with the fur .
15. She has a hanging round her neck.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make an Eskimo doll.
2. Dress it as the boys on page 12 are dressed.

WHAT THE ESKIMOS EAT

When we had finished our game, Mamauk brought in a pot of seal meat which she had boiled over a fire outside the topick. The meat was taken out of the pot and a piece handed to each of us. We tried to eat it so as not to offend our kind hosts. Next, small squares of raw blubber were handed round. Some of the boys took them, but they could not eat them. When the meat had been taken out of the pot, Mamauk poured into the soup a bowlful of cold seal blood. She put the pot back on the fire and stirred it gently till it came almost to the boil. This makes a kind of thick soup of which the Eskimos are very fond. They drink it out of musk-ox horns.

The Eskimos live mostly on meat, reindeer, seal, white

whale, and walrus. Sometimes they take a polar bear, and if they have nothing else they are glad to eat rabbit. We have heard several stories of people who have been poisoned by eating white whale, but no one seems to know why this should have happened.



Department of the Interior, Ottawa

GATHERING EGGS

The men in the picture are gathering eggs. Ducks swarm on the northern lakes and seas. The people gather the eggs and keep them for eating. They do not mind eating them when they are quite stale.

The Eskimos eat a great deal of fat, usually raw. They keep sacks made of sealskin and filled with seal oil, which they drink. A teacupfull each day makes them feel quite well fed. They grow fat and sleepy on it. Lean meat, on the other hand, leaves them feeling hungry even when they have eaten a great deal of it.



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COLLECTING GRASS FOR FUEL

SUMMER HUNTING

We went up to Nogasak's as soon as breakfast was over and Ilavinirk showed us his bird spear. It is a pointed iron rod with a wooden handle. Halfway up the handle there are three barbed ivory fingers upon which the bird is sometimes caught. The handle is fitted into a wooden socket which is held in the hand. The socket makes the spear fly straight to its mark. An Eskimo can kill a bird with his spear at an astonishing distance.

In summer the Eskimos do a good deal of fishing, but their most profitable work is deer hunting. They use the flesh of the deer and caribou for summer food and their skins for making both tents and clothing. If the Eskimo hunter has a gun he uses it for deer hunting; if not, he follows the game with bow and arrow. In the open stretches of the caribou country it is often difficult to get near to the herd. Deer catch the scent of man a long way off, and if one of them is startled he at once warns the others. As a rule, the Eskimo hunters go out in parties. Then some of them hide while the others drive the deer towards those who are waiting to shoot them.



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SKINS BOUGHT FROM THE ESKIMOS

WINTER HUNTING

To-day Ilavinirk told us how he hunts the seal in winter. The seals live beneath the thick crusted snow which covers the ice. All winter the seal keeps open a hole in the ice just large enough to slip through. If he hears an enemy coming, he dives.

When Ilavinirk goes seal hunting, he takes his dog, and they trot back and forth over the ice-field. Soon the dog smells a seal and leads his master to it. Hearing footsteps the seal dives. Ilavinirk strikes his long slender harpoon through the snow till he finds out just where the hole is. He marks the place with a little pile of snow. Then he waits. Sometimes he has to wait all day long. He keeps his feet from freezing by standing in a bag of reindeer skin. At last the seal comes home to find his doorway frozen over. He breathes on it to melt it. Ilavinirk hears him and strikes his harpoon down through the snow and ice, killing the seal

instantly. The seal is hauled out by means of the line fastened to the harpoon.

THINGS TO DO

1. Tell what kind of skin the short man has in his right hand. What kind in his left.
2. Count the skins in the picture.
3. Find out about how much they would be worth.
4. Write the names of five animals which the Eskimos trap for their skins.



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BUILDING AN IGLOO

THE IGLOO

As soon as the snow has come, the Eskimos leave their summer tents and build themselves warm winter houses of snow. These snow houses are called igloos. Igloos are built of large blocks of snow piled up in the shape of a dome. The large igloo is entered through a kind of hallway formed by two or three small domes. These little igloos are joined by arches so low that one has to stoop to pass through them.

The doorway of the large igloo is about three feet high. Entering, one steps down a foot or more to the floor of the

front part of the igloo. This front part is like a hall. In it the Eskimos shake the snow off their clothes, or take off their outdoor garments. Then they step up into their living-room. The floor of the living-room is about three feet higher than the entrance. It is of snow, but it is covered with rugs and furs so that the people may sit or lie in comfort.

The igloo has a window over the door. This window is a large block of clear ice, through which the light shines quite well. Above the window a hole is made for ventilation. The



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ESKIMO BOY LEARNING TO USE THE LONG WHIP WITH WHICH THE DOG-TEAM IS DRIVEN

outside door of the igloo is never closed. A current of air passes through the hall and room and out through the hole, thus keeping the room filled with fresh air.

The igloo is heated and lighted by a seal oil lamp. The lamp is a stone neatly hollowed and filled with seal oil. The wick is made of dried moss. It burns with a clear flame and without smoke. Over the lamp the Eskimo mother suspends a lump of seal blubber. The heat of the flame slowly melts the blubber which drips into the lamp. In this way the lamp is self-feeding. If a bright light is needed, the mother lets the lump of blubber hang near the flame. When she wants less flame, she raises the lump of blubber high above the lamp. Over these lamps, too, the mother does her cooking.

Through the long cold nights of winter the Eskimos keep two lamps burning, one on each side of the doorway. These

keep the little home light and warm. Indeed, they sometimes have to put out one lamp, so that the heat may not melt the walls of snow above them.

THINGS TO DO

1. Study the picture and find the chimney of the igloo. Find the window.
2. Tell on what this igloo is built.
3. What will the boy and his father be hunting?
4. Make an igloo of sand and cover it with cotton.
5. Draw a picture of the inside of the igloo.
6. Tell how the igloo is heated.
7. Tell how the cooking is done.

HOW THE ESKIMOS TRAVEL

To-day Mamauk and Nogasak took us with them in their umiack. We rowed three miles down the shore and brought back a caribou which Ilavinirk had killed.

The umiack is the woman's boat. It is used for moving camp, or for carrying goods from one place to another. Mamauk's umiack is large enough to carry twenty people. It is made of skins sewed together and stretched over a wooden frame. The umiack is flat-bottomed and is propelled by paddles. It does not move very quickly.

In hunting and for speedy travel, the Eskimos use the kyack. This is the man's boat. It is usually about twenty-two feet long, a foot and a half wide, and a foot deep. The wooden frame is made of many pieces fastened together with seal or deer skin thongs. When the frame is ready, they cover it with green skins joined together with double watertight seams. The skins are drawn closely over the frame, and when dry become as hard and tight as a drum-head. The kyack is covered all over except for the small hole where the paddler

sits. It is propelled by a long double-bladed paddle. It looks a tipsy craft, but the Eskimos use them safely even in very rough water. An Eskimo in his kyack can travel almost twice as fast as an Indian in his canoe.

In winter the Eskimos use a komitick or sled. The komitick is made by placing two long runners about eighteen inches apart and lashing cross pieces to them. The runners are shod



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AN ESKIMO IN HIS KYACK

with ivory or with mud. Mud runners do very well. The Eskimo puts the mud on when it is soft, moulding it into the right shape. He then leaves it to freeze as hard as stone. To make the runner slip well it needs a thin coating of ice. The Eskimo fills his mouth with water and with his lips places a fine stream of water along the runner. The water freezes quickly and gives the runner a smooth, glassy surface.

The Eskimo drives a dog team in his komitick. From three to fifteen dogs make a team. Each dog is fastened to the sled by a single line. The best dog is called the leader; his line is twenty or twenty-five feet long. The master drives his team with a whip which has a short wooden handle and a thirty-foot lash. The Eskimos handle these great whips very cleverly. They can strike not only any dog, but any part of any dog which they wish.

NOGASAK'S LESSON

Nogasak spends most of her time at play. She does not often help her mother with the cooking or sewing, but she likes to chew the boots. Chewing the family boots is an important part of the work of the Eskimo woman.

Eskimo boots and moccasins are made of seal or deer skin, tanned in the natural oil. The hair is usually left on the leg of the boot, but it is always cleaned off the foot. When these boots have been wet, and are dried, the feet become very hard. The easiest way of softening them seems to be to chew them. Every morning the Eskimo women may be found busily chewing the boots of the family. This is no hardship to them, for they live partly upon seal oil, and when food is scarce they often chew up their clothes or even their tent skins.



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ESKIMO FANCYWORK

Another kind of work which Nogasak likes to do is to make fishing-lines. Eskimo fishing-lines are made from reindeer sinew. The best sinew lies along the animal's spine. It is dried and rubbed till it is soft. If fine thread for sewing is needed, the soft sinew is frayed out into several threads. If cord is needed



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READY FOR BED

the threads are plaited together. Nogasak can plait fishing-line neatly and quickly.

She is learning to do bead-work also. The Eskimo women trim their jackets with gay patterns in beads or porcupine quills. Mamauk has some beautiful pieces of work.

THE GAMES THEY PLAY

Eskimo children are just as fond of play as we are. They run races and slide down banks; they tumble and tag each other. They make mud pies as all children do.

Nogasak and the other little girls seem to be fond of playing "house." They have a play house behind Nogasak's tent.



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ESKIMO DRUMS

It is a large ring of stones. They bring their wooden dolls there, and play by the hour with stones and shells and chips.

The boys spend a good deal of time practising shooting with the bow and arrow, throwing the spear, and learning to handle their dog whips. They harness the dog teams and drive them about. They make snares, and set small traps of their own.

They swim in summer, and coast and slide in winter.

Eskimo men and women are fond of games, too. The men like to shoot at a mark, and both men and women play football. They use the bladder of a walrus as a ball, and they play without any rules. Everyone runs after the ball, and kicks it whenever he can.



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ESKIMO WITH STONES SET INTO HIS CHIN FOR ORNAMENT

Slits are cut in the flesh, and the stones are fastened on the inside.

ESKIMO DANCING

When the hunt goes well, the Eskimos often give a dance. One village sends an invitation to another, with the invitation they send a note of what presents they wish their guests to bring. The guests send back to say that they will come, and to suggest the presents they expect their hosts to provide.

The dance begins in the evening. One of the hosts dances first. He keeps time to the beating of the drums with his feet, or with his hands and body. He sings or tells the story of all the brave things he has done. When he has finished, his wife hands him his gifts, which he presents to the guests.

A guest then rises, dancing and singing in his turn. The



ESKIMOS LIVING IN CANVAS TENTS

dance is kept up in this way till all have taken part. If the gathering is a large one, it lasts a whole night or even several days and nights.

A CROSSING OUT GAME

Each of these sentences has two words where there should be only one. Cross out the wrong one. Make the sentences say what you think they should say.

1. In summer Eskimos live in tents igloos.
2. In winter Eskimos wear one two suits.
3. Eskimos like fat lean meat.
4. They hunt whales seals on the ice.
5. They travel in kyacks topicks.

MORE LETTERS

In September, the class received several letters from boys and girls who had read the parts of our diary which were published. Our teacher has a friend who has a school in India. The boys and girls in this school are learning to speak and write English. They sent us a whole packet of letters telling us about their country and inviting us to visit them.

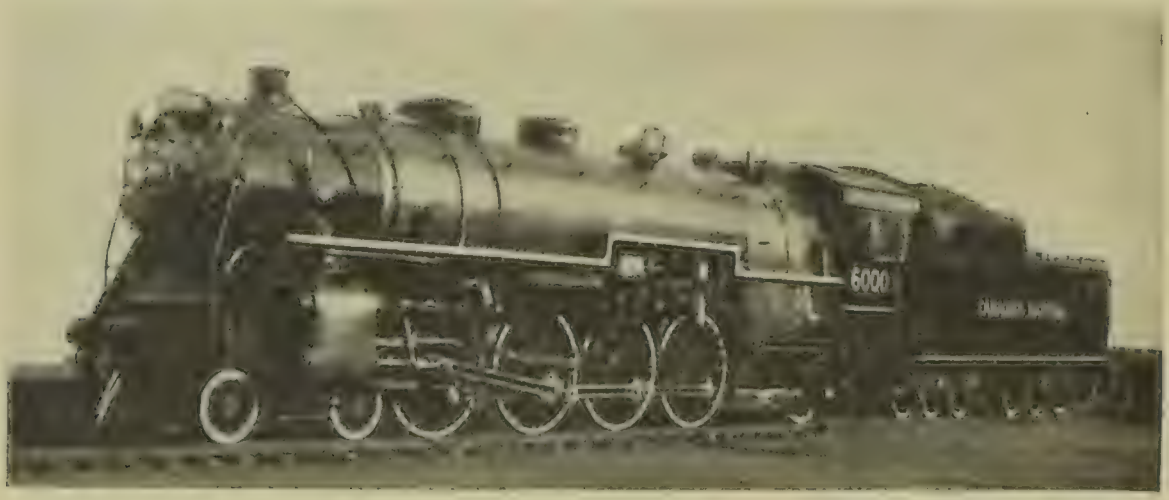
One of the girls in our class was born in Norway. Her cousins live near Bergen. Her cousin Sonja wrote, inviting us to visit Norway. We had invitations also from Jan and Truitje Hals, in Holland, and from Hans and Hilda Lehman in Switzerland. It was great fun reading the letters and writing answers.

We all wanted to visit these boys and girls. We talked about crossing the ocean. The teacher thought it would be best to sail from Vancouver, which is a port on the Pacific Ocean. Studying the globe, we found that when we had crossed the Pacific we should come first to Japan and then to China. We decided to visit these countries on our way to India.

Then the teacher suggested that we should visit Central Africa to see a hot, wet country, and go north through the desert, and by way of Egypt, to Switzerland, Holland, Norway, and Great Britain. She said we could get a ship from Liverpool which would bring us home, across the Atlantic Ocean, to Montreal. This meant that we should travel all the way round the world. It promised to be a great adventure.

WE TOOK THE TRAIN TO VANCOUVER

On Friday afternoon we packed our trunks. It was great fun. We made lists of the things we needed, and checked them off as we put them in. As we were going first towards the south, our lighter clothes were placed on top. Every member of the class took a large diary; some of the girls had two. There were ten cameras in the party. We had to sit



Canadian National Railways

ONE OF THE LARGEST ENGINES IN THE WORLD

on several of the trunks to get them to shut. Each of us carried a warm coat and a bag with our night things in it.

We set out on Saturday afternoon, travelling to Vancouver by train. This picture shows the engine which drew our train. We had supper in the dining-car.

When we returned to our coach the porter was making up our berths. At the end of the coach there was a handsome dressing-room, with mirrors and shining basins, and piles of clean towels. We could not take our baths, but we washed ourselves well. One of the girls went round to remind us all to clean our teeth. The train soon rocked us to sleep. We travelled from all parts of Canada to meet on the dock at Vancouver.

THINGS TO FIND OUT

1. How far it is from your home to Vancouver.
2. How long it would take you to get there.
3. How much it would cost for ticket and berth.
4. What changes of train you would have to make.
5. What parts of Canada you would cross.
6. How far it is all the way across Canada.
7. From what ocean to what ocean Canada extends.
8. What railway lines run all the way across Canada.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a note of these facts in your diary.
2. Make a list of the things you would need to pack in your trunk.

THE DOCK

Are you all here? Stand still, boys and girls, while I count you. Five, fifteen, twenty-two, thirty, all here. Now, take your tickets in your left hands and your bags in your right, and follow me along the dock.

The dock is a huge platform built out into the deep water so that the large ships may come up to it. On the platform is a great building like a station. There, in the centre of the room, is the ticket agent. As we have our tickets, we may go down to the ship at once.

We must pass through the door on our left. Have your tickets in your left hands. The officer at the door will take them as you go through. We now walk down a long sloping runway to the lower part of the dock.

At the bottom lies the gangplank, joining the dock and the ship. Look at her, boys and girls, before you go aboard. Is she not handsome? Her name, the *Empress of Canada*, is

painted on her bow. Her decks and great funnels stand high above us. She can steam twenty knots an hour. It will take us only eleven days to cross the Pacific Ocean to Japan.



Canadian Pacific Railway

DOCKS AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

THINGS TO DO

1. Find out in what direction we go in travelling to Japan.
2. Find out how much it costs to go there.
3. Find out how many passengers a large ship carries.
4. Find out how many miles there are in a knot.

(You can find these things out from your station agent.)

THE SHIP

A SHIP is a wonderful thing; we shall see many interesting things as we walk about. First we must take our coats and bags to our cabins. The cabins are tidy little rooms, with narrow berths and neat wash-stands. The bowls and glasses are set into rings of wood so that they will not fall and break when the ship rolls.

Now let us go up to the front of the ship to see the trunks and boxes being put into the hold. We lean over the railing and look down, down, down into the dark hold. Only trunks are being put in now. They are slung in a net of ropes and lifted by a crane from the dock to the deck. Then they are lowered gently into the hold. If we had been here yesterday we should have seen them loading flour. Our ship carries many tons of flour for Japan.

When the last trunk has been put in, we hurry to the side of the ship to see the gangplank pulled in. The ship backs away from the dock and points her head towards the west. She steams out through the Narrows, and is soon winding among the lovely islands which lie in the gulf.

After dinner we must see the ship. First we walk down the long promenade deck. It runs all the way round the ship, and is a splendid place to play. At the bow there are little stairs leading to the boat deck. Boys and girls are not allowed up there unless there is someone with them. On the boat deck there are many large row-boats with oars in them. They are ready to use in case of accident to the ship.

Down below, in the space between the long decks, there are many rooms — smoking-rooms, writing-rooms, a sitting-room with a moving-picture room beyond it. There is a charming playroom for the children, where there are blocks and dolls and building-sets; balls and hobby-horses, and a wonderful dolls' house. Grade IV boys and girls may be even more interested in the gymnasium and swimming-pool. Yes, they have both on this ship.

On the deck below are the cabins, and below that are the kitchens and the engines. The kitchens are very clean. There are dozens of cooks in white coats. One of them will show us the great ice chests where they keep hundreds of pounds of meat and fruit for the voyage.

Still lower down are the engines. They burn oil. As oil is easily set on fire, the engine-rooms have many different devices for putting out a fire.

THINGS TO DO

1. In your diary draw a picture of the ship, or
2. Cut out a picture of a ship and paste it in your diary.
3. Write the names of twenty different parts of the ship.
4. Write the names of ten things people do on ship-board.
5. Note three things our ship might carry to Japan.

WHERE WE ARE GOING

Before we have seen half the interesting things on the ship, our voyage is over. We draw near the shores of Japan.

North Japan is just across the Pacific Ocean from Canada.



Japan is the most easterly country in Asia. Indeed it is not in Asia at all. It is made up of a row of islands which run north-east and south-west along the coast of Asia. These islands lie like a string of beads. There are four large ones in the middle (1) with little ones strung out at each end. The northern islands are cold. Most of the Japanese people live in the large middle islands (2).

If we could fly over Japan in an airplane, we should see that there are mountains in these islands. The mountains make the islands. Each island is made up of mountains or high lands with a fringe of level land round them (3). Among the mountains are many volcanoes, fifty of which still erupt (4). Japan has earthquakes very often.

As we sail near Japan the air grows warmer. This pleasant warmth seems to come from the sea (5). If you could put your hand into the water through which the ship is passing, you

would find it quite warm. We are sailing in a river, or current, of warm water which flows north, past the coast of Japan.

THINGS TO DO

Read the numbered sentences in the story. Then read these sentences. Cross out the wrong word. Make each sentence say what you think it should say. Copy the true statements into your diary.

1. Middle Japan is east south-east of Canada.
2. Middle Japan is colder warmer than Canada.
3. There is much little farming land in Japan.
4. Japan is a level hilly country.
5. They have mild severe weather in Japan.



Canadian Pacific Railway

JAPANESE GIRLS, GATHERING CLAMS, WELCOME US WITH SMILES

JAPAN

To-day we are to arrive in Japan. We have had a great deal of fun on the ship, but one is always glad to land. Already one of the boys is shouting, "I see a boat, it's a fishing boat. Look, there are more of them."



GRASS RAIN-HAT AND RAIN-COAT OF JAPAN

When we come up on deck after lunch, Japan is in sight. It is raining, a soft warm rain that falls straight down. Through the rain we see dim blue mountains. As we sail nearer we see steep cliffs running down into the sea. Behind these are lines of hills, some of them covered with crooked pine-trees. Everything is green; pale green, bright green, dark green.

As we sail nearer the land, we can make out villages of brown houses. There are pale green patches round the villages.

These are the rice fields. Every inch of ground seems to be covered with houses or rice fields.

The bay up which we are sailing is called Yokohama Bay. We steam past lighthouses, shipyards, and docks such as we saw in Vancouver harbour. There are ships on all sides of us, ocean steamers, tugs, cargo boats, and hundreds of sampans.

TWO CONTESTS

1. See which pupil can draw in his diary the best sketch of a Japanese raincoat.
2. See which pupil can write in his diary the most names of things seen in a Japanese street. See below.



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STREET IN JAPANESE VILLAGE

A GAME OF WHAT, WHERE, AND HOW

Let each pupil take his diary and pencil. Let one pupil read the questions aloud, one at a time. When a question has been read aloud, let the other pupils write the answers in their diaries. See which pupil gives the most correct answers.

1. What kind of day is it in the picture?
2. Where is this street?

3. What class of people do we see?
4. How wide is the street?
5. How is it paved?
6. What size are the houses?
7. What are they made of?
8. What are some of the roofs made of?
9. Where do the people seem to do their buying?
10. What do they seem to eat a good deal of?
11. How do they carry their goods about?
12. Why are there no motor-cars in the street?

YOKOHAMA

It has stopped raining, but little clouds of mist rise from the water and float away over the green shores. We move slowly up to our dock. We take our coats and bags, cross the gangplank, and soon find ourselves in the streets of Yokohama.

Yokohama is a great city. Fine buildings stand all about us; motor-cars flash by. But we are in Japan. We must not ride to our hotel in a taxi. Here are the jinricksha men. They will take us. We shall need a great many jinrickshas to carry our party.

A jinricksha is a small, light carriage with two wheels. Some of them have tops to keep off the rain and sun. The jinricksha has a pair of shafts just so far apart that a man can stand between them. When we have taken our places, the jinricksha man will pick up the shafts and trot off with us (1).

The jinricksha men are strong fellows. They wear short blue cotton trousers, loose blue cotton shirts (3), and butter-bowl hats. Their shoes are of black cloth and have a separate place for the great toe. The best runners can carry a passenger eight miles an hour. Some of them trot as fast as a horse (2).

There are no sidewalks (3) and the roadway is not paved (4).

It is full of mud-holes to-day. To-morrow, if the sun shines, it will be ankle-deep in dust. Our jinricksha jolts over the bumps, and splashes through the mud puddles. We wind in and out among the crowd of bicycles, carts, jinrickshas, street-cars, men, women, and children (6). There are thousands of bicycles, a very few motor-cars, and scarcely any horses.

The narrow, crowded streets are very gay. The shops have bright-coloured banners for signs. They are open to the street, and their bright silks and satins show at every opening. In many of the shops the shopkeeper is busy making the things that he sells. Here is a man making shoes, and there a boy making paper lanterns. Women are busy with embroidery, or paper parasols, or china-painting. There are shops and shops with nothing but toys for sale. At night the streets are prettier than ever, for the shopkeepers hang out paper lanterns, and every cart or jinricksha has one hanging from its pole. We should be quite sorry to come back into one of the principal streets where they have electric light.

TRUE OR FALSE

Read the numbered sentences in the first part of the story and think whether these statements are true or false. Cross out the wrong word. Copy the true statements into your diary.

1. There are very few men in Japan. True. False.
2. There are many horses in Japan. True. False.
3. The weather is warm in Japan. True. False.
4. There are few motor-cars in Japan. True. False.
5. There is no room to spare in Japan. True. False.
6. The jinriksha suits Japanese streets. True. False.

THINGS TO DO

1. In your diary write six reasons why the Japanese use jinrikshas.
2. In your diary write six things about the jinriksha man.



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A JAPANESE CONJUROR

HUNT THE ANSWER

The answer to each of these questions is in the picture. Find all the answers. Write them in your diaries.

1. What are the people doing?
2. What colour is their hair?
3. What are their eyes like?
4. What do Japanese boys wear instead of coats?
5. What do Japanese girls wear instead of dresses?
6. How can you tell the girls from the boys?
7. What are their clothes made of?
8. What kind of shoes do the Japanese wear?
9. What do they wear on their heads?
10. How do the girls wear their hair?
11. What kind of weather have they in Japan?
12. Are the children as large as Canadian boys and girls?

JAPANESE BOYS AND GIRLS

In this picture we see some Japanese boys and girls. They are listening to the magician. They stand quietly. Japanese children behave very politely and almost never quarrel. This



is hard to believe, but travellers tell us it is true. This is partly because they are carefully trained, and perhaps partly because they are not quite so large and strong as Canadian boys and girls. The warm, damp air of Japan is tiring. There are not many cows, and the children cannot have plenty of good milk to drink. They live mainly on rice, which is soft food, and does not make people as strong as meat and vegetables.



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

A JAPANESE GARDEN

TOKIO

After breakfast we take the train for Tokio. Tokio is the capital of Japan. It is eighteen miles from Yokohama. The train looks smaller than our trains. The seats run the length of the coach. We must twist round to look out of the window. It is tiring, but we must do it, for we must see the country.

It is very pretty. The blue sea lies close at hand on the

right; on the left there are green fields, green hills, and beyond a great mountain. It is a perfect cone in shape. It is called Fujiyama. Many people think it the most beautiful mountain in the world. The Japanese are very proud of it.

The train stops. Our coach stands beside a wall. We look into a Japanese garden. Quick, boys and girls, see how many strange things you can see in it. The Japanese are very fond of flowers, which grow very well in Japan. When the cherry-trees are in bloom they make a great festival. Everyone has a holiday and goes out to enjoy the blossoming trees. In the autumn they have a festival for the chrysanthemums.

A CONTEST

Divide the class into two teams, the Red Team and the Blue Team. You may have fifteen minutes to study the picture. As you look at it write down in your diary:

1. The names of the plants you know.
2. The names of the trees you know.
3. The strange things you see.
4. The things you like about it.
5. The things you don't like about it.

See which team has the most facts about a Japanese garden.

JAPANESE FARMERS

Now the train is running through a wide plain. The plain is laid out in small square fields. There are no fences round the fields; they are separated by low banks of earth.

These fields are called paddy fields; the farmers plant rice in them. The rice is first sown in a small patch, where it grows thickly. While it is sprouting the farmer floods his fields with three or four inches of water. When the soil is soft he digs and hoes it until it is a thick mud. Then, father, mother, boys, and girls take the young rice plants and wade about in the mud and water planting them. All summer they work in the muddy fields taking care of the rice.

In the autumn the rice stands tall and golden in the fields. The father cuts it with a sickle. The mother and children tie it up in great sheaves and hang it on a rack to dry. When it is dry, it is threshed by being drawn through the teeth of a great comb.

In the autumn, when the rice has been cut, the farmer



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

PADDY FIELDS

plants barley or millet in his field. He harvests this in the spring. The Japanese grow large crops of beans too. They are very fond of bean soup, and have it almost every day.

Looking at these tiny farms we can see that a Japanese farmer must work very hard to make a living for his family. He uses every inch of his land. He grows two or even three crops a year. And many farmers make mats or baskets or straw braid to sell besides.

Japanese farmers work very hard, but they are happy. They are out of doors all day long. They enjoy the warm, moist air. They think Japan the most beautiful country in the world.



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WHAT ARE THEY DOING WITH THE RICE IN THESE PICTURES?

THE BECAUSE GAME

Complete these sentences. Make each sentence say what you think it should say.

1. Japanese farms are small because . . .
2. Their fields are not fenced because . . .
3. The whole family plants in Japan because . . .
4. The Japanese have rheumatism in their feet because . . .
5. They do not stook their rice sheaves because . . .
6. They do not use machines in their fields because . . .
7. The Japanese farmer works very hard because . . .
8. He uses every inch of land because . . .
9. He makes straw mats or braid because . . .
10. He thatches his roof with straw because . . .

PLUM BLOSSOM

THE train crosses a fine iron bridge, and we look out over a great plain covered with low, grey houses. This is Tokio. It is a very large city. It covers almost a hundred square miles. Take your coats and bags, boys and girls, and let us keep together in the crowd.



Canadian Pacific Railway

PLUM BLOSSOM AND HER FRIEND

We must cross the street, which is full of bicycles and carts and people. Let us step into this quiet square till we get our breath. Here are two little Japanese girls with their baby sisters on their backs. The older one looks at us. Perhaps she can speak English. Let us ask her.

Like all the Japanese people, the little girl is very polite. She smiles and bows to us. Yes, she can speak a little English. They teach it in her school. Her name is Plum Blossom. She goes to school and learns to read and write and to do arithmetic. She studies history and geography too, and she is learning to sew.

On the third day of the third month comes the Doll's Festival. This is the happiest time of the year to Plum Blossom. Then all the little girls of Japan have a holiday. They bring their dolls from the godown and set them up in the house. Some of them have a hundred dolls. They dress them and serve them with tea.

The fifth day of the fifth month is the Flag Festival. This is the boys' holiday. On that day each father hangs a large paper fish on a pole in front of his house. He hangs out as many fishes as he has sons. During the Flag Festival the boys of Japan stay at home from school. They bring their toys from the godown. They spin tops and fly kites and play games all day long.



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

INSIDE A JAPANESE HOUSE

A JAPANESE HOUSE

The outside of a Japanese house is not very pretty. All the houses in Japan are built of wood. They are never painted, and the sun and rain turn the wood a dull grey colour.

In the picture you see the inside of a Japanese house. How dainty it looks. We must take off our shoes and leave them at the door. The Japanese always leave their shoes at the door. The rooms are divided from one another by sliding panels of heavy paper.

As you see, there is only one picture in this house; but

the family may have many pictures. Probably they have vases and silks and chests and jewels as well. They do not keep their treasures in the house. They are stored in the godown. The godown is a little house built by itself in the garden. It is fireproof. Here the family keep all their best things.



FISH FLAGS IN FRONT OF A JAPANESE HOUSE

The mother brings them out one at a time or on festival days. Sometimes a Japanese father keeps a new house neatly folded up in his godown to be ready in case of need.

At mealtime we sit with the family, cross-legged, on the silk cushions. The girls bring little tables and put one before every person. On each table they place a bowl of rice and a pot of tea, chopsticks, and a cup and saucer. Each person eats from his own table. The Japanese eat three meals a day, but they do not eat as much as we do. They are fond of soup and fish, but eat very little meat, butter, or cheese.

Study the picture carefully. Then, in your diary, tell:

1. How the Japanese cover their floors.
2. What they use for chairs.
3. How they heat their houses.
4. How they light their houses.
5. How they decorate their walls.
6. How many pictures they have.
7. How many plants they have.
8. What they use for tables.
9. What they use for walls.
10. Whether they have bathrooms.
11. What kind of windows they have.
12. What their houses are made of.
13. What the shelves are for.
14. What the glass cases on the left are for.

TWO RIDDLES

You may have only one guess for each riddle. Write your answers in your diary. The answer to the first riddle tells why the Japanese must build their houses of wood and have only a little light furniture in them. The answer to the second riddle tells why they keep all their best things in the godown.



JAPANESE TEA-TABLE

1. I come suddenly. I make everything tremble. I crack the earth.

2. I follow the first. I am bright-coloured. I crackle and roar.



Canadian Pacific Railway

A JAPANESE SHOEMAKER

SAYONARA

THE days are passing. We cannot stay longer in Japan; we must go to China. We go to the city of Kobe in the south to take the steamer. As the train speeds through the country we see for ourselves why Japanese farmers have such small farms and why Japanese houses must stand close together.

As we travel southwards, the mountains are never far off. The farms and houses of Japan are crowded in between the mountains and the sea.

On the way to Kobe we pass through a hilly country. Here the hillsides are covered with tea gardens and mulberry orchards. Thousands of boys and girls are busy picking the leaves. The tea leaves are dried for use. The mulberry leaves they feed to the silkworms.



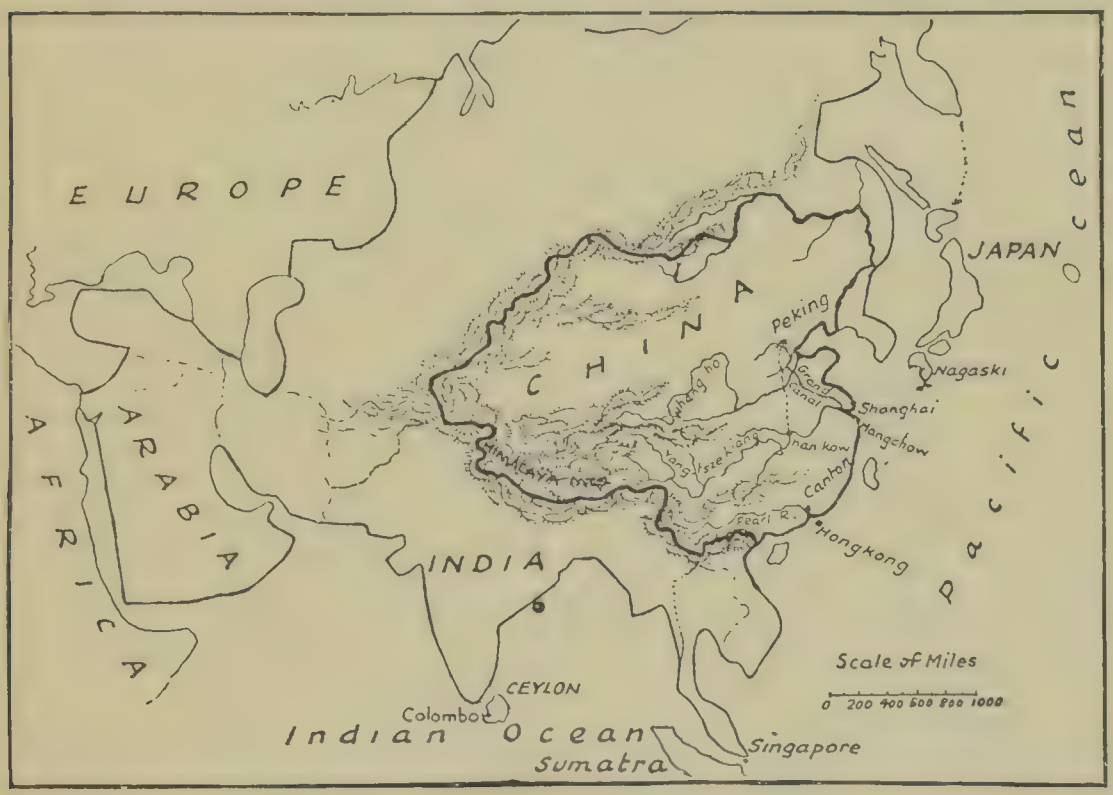
SAYONARA

At Kobe we take ship for Asia. We sail first to Nagasaki, where we take on coal for the voyage to China. A coal barge is drawn up to the side of our ship. Workmen put ladders up the ship's side, and Japanese women climb the ladders till there is one standing on each rung of each ladder. A man on the barge passes a basket of coal to the first woman, she passes it to the next, till the baskets come swinging up the side. It looks to be very hard work, but the women laugh and chatter as they do it.

ASIA

LEAVING Japan, we sail across the Yellow Sea to Asia. Asia is the largest of the seven continents. It is a square-shaped piece of land with three large peninsulas pushing out of the south side of it, and two bulges on the east.

As you see on the map, the great mountains of Asia run from



MAP OF ASIA

the south-west to the north-east. On the south side of the great mountains there are many short ranges. On the north side there are great plains.

The equator runs through the oceans which lie south and east of Asia. They are warm oceans. The winds which blow across them suck up into themselves a good deal of warm water. These warm, wet winds blow from the ocean across the countries south of the mountains. When they blow against the mountains they are cooled and drop their moisture as rain on the south-facing countries.

THINGS TO DO

Study the map carefully. Think hard, and then cross out the wrong word in each of these sentences. Make each sentence say what you think it ought to say.

1. The weather is cold warm in the countries south of the mountains.
2. The weather is wet dry in the countries south of the mountains.
3. The weather is wet dry in the countries north of the mountains.
4. The weather is colder warmer in the countries north of the mountains.

CHINA



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A CHINESE JUNK

We are sailing towards China. China is a very large country. It takes up about one third of the whole of Asia.

China runs back to the great mountains in the middle of Asia, and it bulges out into the Pacific Ocean. The bulge is a great plain which has been made by the rivers of China. Each year they carry down a great deal of soil which builds up the plain.

Smaller ranges of mountains run out from the big range in the middle of the continent. There is the north range and the south range. These two small ranges run across China towards the Pacific Ocean.

The warm, wet winds from the Pacific blow over China.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

CHINA

They blow over the small ranges. They blow against the big range in the middle of the continent. They drop most of their water on the Chinese side of the big mountains.

This water runs down the sides of the mountains and hills. It makes many little rivers. They flow towards the sea. As they flow, they run together. They make big rivers. The little rivers and the big rivers are very useful to the Chinese.

THINGS TO DO

Study the map on page 47 carefully. Put the right word in the blank space in each sentence. (Notice that the right word is a number.) Make the sentence say what you think it ought to say.

1. There are mountain ranges in China.
2. Therefore there must be large valleys in China.
3. Therefore there will be large rivers in China.
4. Therefore there must be at least large cities in China.

SHANGHAI

(*Shang-high*)

Long before we reach the coast of China, we notice that the blue water of the ocean is becoming yellow and dirty. It is coloured by the yellow mud brought down by the great rivers of China. So much mud is brought down that this part of the ocean is called the Yellow Sea. The Chinese people match their land and sea; they have golden coloured skins.

Our ship carries us to Shanghai. This city stands near the mouth of the middle river of China. The middle river is called the Yangtse (*Yang-t-see*). It is the largest river in China. Boats sail up it for a thousand miles or more.

Shanghai has a wall round it. We go through a gate into the city. The streets are very narrow. There are no side-

walks. It is not easy to walk in the crowd. The water-carriers and the garbagemen slop over on us from the pails which they carry on long poles over their shoulders. We are bumped by men with boxes and baskets.



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A CHINESE WHEELBARROW

And look! What a strange-looking thing this is. It is a Chinese wheelbarrow. The Chinese, who do everything backwards, put their goods outside instead of inside the barrow. They carry men as well as animals and goods on their wheelbarrows. People take quite long journeys on them.

THINGS TO DO

Choose a word to describe each of these Chinese garments:

coats trousers shoes hats.

A CHINESE STREET

Study the picture to find out:

1. What kind of carriages they must use in China.
2. How large their shops are.
3. What kind of shop signs they use.
4. How they light their streets.
5. How they pave them.
6. Why they use wheelbarrows instead of motor-cars.
7. How the lines in Chinese writing run.
8. What they use in writing instead of letters.
9. What they must write with.
10. What English word is on one of the signs.



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A CHINESE STREET

11. What flag is above that shop.
12. What that sign and flag tell us.



A CHINESE WOMAN'S BOUND FOOT

A few years ago all Chinese girls had their feet bound. The Chinese think small feet pretty. The mothers bound the feet of their baby girls tightly with long strips of cotton to keep them from growing. The bands hurt the poor babies terribly. Sometimes the bones were broken, and always the little feet were bent quite out of shape. When the girl grew older, she could not walk properly. She hobbled about the house with a cane. When she wished to

go to shop or to pay a visit, she had to be carried on the back of a man-servant, or in a sedan chair.



CHINESE SEDAN CHAIR

THE LAND OF GREAT WATERWAYS

To-day we shall take a trip westward up the Yangtse River. We take a steamer with powerful engines; the current of the river is very strong. The Chinese call the Yangtse the River of Golden Sand. We can see why. The strong current carries down a great deal of yellow soil; this makes the water yellow. There is another reason why this soil is called "golden." The great river often overflows its banks. When it does so, it leaves the yellow soil, or silt, lying on the ground. This yellow soil is very rich. The farmers grow good crops in it.

As we steam up the Yangtse we begin to see why China is called the Land of Great Waterways. There are three large rivers in the great valleys of China, and a fourth large one on the northern edge of the country. Each of these large rivers has a great many small ones running into it. Creeks run into the small rivers. Where there are no creeks, the farmers have made canals and ditches through their farms. Looking across the level lands we see small boats sailing in all directions.

They seem to be sailing over the land; really they are sailing

on the canals. There are more canals and more boats in China than in any other country in the world.

At Hangchow we are at the south end of the Grand Canal. This is the largest of all the canals. It is six hundred miles long. It runs north almost to Peking. By the Grand Canal, the Chinese can get across their country from one river valley to another. The banks of the Grand Canal are built up. Sometimes they are twenty feet high. Boys and men walk



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CHINESE WOMAN GRINDING CORN

They blindfold the donkey, so that it will not know that it is walking in a circle.

along these high banks, pulling the boats by ropes fastened to their bows.

The Chinese farmers carry most of their goods to market by the canals and creeks and rivers. The boats on the Grand Canal carry the millet grown in North China to the people of the south; while boats going north carry rice and cotton and tea to the people of North China.

The canals are useful in other ways too. The farmers dig up the rich yellow mud from the bottom of them and spread it on their land. It is as good as manure. The village people hatch out fish in the canals, keep ducks and geese, and grow water chestnuts, which they eat.

THE SILKWORMS

At Hangchow we are among the mulberry orchards. The boat waits here some time. We may leave it and walk about. Here is a little boy with a basket of freshly cut mulberry leaves. Let us ask him to take us to his house to see the silkworms feeding. He tells us that his name is Sing.



SILKWORMS ON MULBERRY LEAVES

In Sing's house the upper floor is used for the silkworms. The worms are hatched out of tiny yellow eggs. At first they are like very small caterpillars with black heads and brown bodies. They creep about their tray, looking for something to eat. Sing has cut into small pieces some of the leaves from his basket. He puts them near the silkworms. They smell them and begin to eat.

Silkworms eat very fast. They have to be fed every two hours. In three days their bodies turn yellow. They stop eating, wriggle out of their old coats and appear in new grey ones. After a day's rest the worm goes on eating as fast as ever.

The silkworms need plenty of light and air. They like clean trays too. Sing will show us how he moves them from one tray to another. First he lays a net over their tray. Then he puts fresh leaves on the net. The worms smell the fresh leaves and crawl towards them. When they are all clinging to the net, Sing lifts it gently and lays it over a clean tray.

Four days later the silkworm changes his coat again. He does it four times in all. He is now so large that whole branches of leaves are given him at once. Sing is careful to wipe the dust and dew off the leaves before he puts them on the tray. In chewing the silkworm moves his jaws from side

to side instead of up and down. He eats at a great pace. When he is thirty-two days old he stops eating.

The silkworm now crawls about till he finds a place to build his house. Sing has put some branches on this tray for him. He crawls upon them and begins to spin. He makes his house of silk. Inside his body are two sacs of silk. Inside



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COCOONS OF THE SILKWORM

the worm's body the silk is like jelly; when it is out in the air it becomes hard. The silkworm throws the thread out of his mouth. It is as fine and shining as a spider's web.

Round and round the silkworm winds the thread. It is cast against the branch, and then round the worm's body. The jelly-like stuff makes it stick together. The worm spins very fast, moving his head sixty-nine times a minute. In ten days the cocoon is finished, and the silkworm sleeps.

If the silk farmer wants silkworm eggs, he lets the worm stay in its cocoon till it comes out by itself. It cuts its way out through the end of the cocoon. It is a creamy-white moth.

The silkworm moths are not strong. They lay five or six hundred eggs and die in a few days.

Most farmers want silk, not eggs. So they do not let the moth come out of the cocoon. He breaks the long fine thread when he comes out. The farmers want the thread unbroken. They place the cocoons in ovens, which stifles the worm, and then they unwind the thread.



PAGODA

Downstairs sits Sing's grandmother unwinding the thread from the cocoons. She has a bowl of warm water beside her with a number of cocoons in it. The warm water softens the jelly-like stuff. The grandmother takes up three or four cocoons at once. See how daintily her fingers move. She starts the thread from the cocoons, and carefully unwinding them, she twists the shining threads into a single strand. The silk threads unwound from the cocoon are so fine that the slightest touch will break them. But the grandmother is very skilful. She works away day after day and never breaks a thread.

The silk thread is sold by the pound. Some of it is woven into cloth in China, the rest of it is sent to other countries to be woven.

MATCHING SENTENCES

Read the beginning of each sentence in List I, then find the correct ending for it in List II.

LIST I	LIST II
Silk worms are hatched	from side to side
They look like small	four times
They eat	out of silk threads
Their jaws move	to keep the threads unbroken
Silkworms change coats	caterpillars
They stifle the worms	mulberry leaves
They spin their cocoons	out of yellow eggs

SING will show us the way back to the boat. As we walk along he tells us about his life. His father and mother were glad when he was born. Chinese parents like boys best, because they are stronger than girls and can do more work. At sixteen Chinese girls marry; after that they work for their husbands and are of no more use to their parents.

When Sing was a month old they had a dinner party for him. All the friends of the family came and brought presents. Sing's little head was shaved and he was given his "milk" name. He was called by his "milk" name till he went to school. Chinese names are amusing. A boy may be called Pig, or Dog, or Tree, or Beautiful Bird, or Clever Book. Girls names are prettier. They may be called Lucky Pearl, or Charming Flower, or some such name.



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SING, AT FOUR YEARS
(*Chinese child*)

Till he was five or six, Sing wore almost no clothes in summer. In winter he had quilted trousers and a long coat, lined with wool. He has his winter clothes on in the photograph.

Not long after this, Sing began to go to school. Chinese children have long hours. They go to school at six in the morning and stay till six at night, with an hour off for break-

fast and another for lunch. They learn their lessons by heart. In studying them they all shout at the tops of their voices. The room is a perfect babel. When a boy knows his lesson he goes up to the desk, turns his back to the teacher, and recites what he has learned. In the old days, Chinese girls were not educated, but now, in the cities, they have many good schools.

Someone asks Sing to show us how to play one of his games. He is fond of games, and plays many that we know as "Blind Man's Buff," "Crack the Whip," "Shinney," and many games with marbles. The little girls play a game called "Watering the Flowers." It is like our "Old Witch."

Sing shows us how to play "Forcing the City Gates." The players take hands and stand in two lines. A boy from one side rushes at the other line and tries to break through. If he does so, he takes the two whose hands he parted to his side. A boy runs first from one side, and then from the other, till one line is broken up.

There is the boat whistle. We must go. Run, boys and girls. Call "thank you," to Sing. He laughs and waves his hand. "Thank you, thank you, Sing. Good-bye, good-bye."

A STRANGE WAY TO FISH

As our boat passes up the river we see many interesting things. Here is an old man who has three tame cormorants fishing for him. Cormorants are large birds with long necks; they are fond of fish. The fisherman has put an iron ring round each bird's neck. The ring has been made just so tight that the bird cannot swallow the fish. The fisherman sets his cormorants to fish in the stream. When one of them has caught a fish, he cannot swallow it, so he takes it to his master, who takes it out of the bird's throat and puts it into his basket.

Chinese fishermen are able to sell all the fish they can catch. For the most part, the Chinese eat fish rather than meat, which

is scarce in China. There are not many animals there. The grass is so coarse that it hurts the stomachs of cows, sheep, and horses. For this reason the Chinese do not keep many domestic animals. They do without milk and meat, and the work of horses is done for them by the coolies.

THINGS TO DRAW

1 A silk worm's cocoon.
2. A junk.
3. A Chinese temple.

THE BAMBOO

STEAMING along, we are sometimes in mid-stream, sometimes near the shore. On the banks we see here a child, and there an old woman picking up sticks and chips and bits of roots. They are gathering fuel. In China it is sometimes less trouble to grow food than it is to get fuel to cook it with. There are so many people in the country that all the land is needed for farms; there is no space to spare for forests. China has plenty of good coal, but the people are only beginning to mine it. For the most part, they burn whatever refuse they can pick up.



BAMBOO TREES

The bamboo is the kind of wood most used in China. It is a pretty tree with a trunk like an enormous grass stem, hard, but hollow and jointed. The Chinese use the bamboo in many ways. They burn the roots and chips. The stems are used for building houses and bridges, and for water-pipes, and paper is made from the inner parts. They make hats and thatch their houses with the leaves, and boil the young shoots for food.



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

THIS IS THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AT PEKING

The Chinese are a religious people. Everywhere we go in China we see temples. Most of them are built in tiers, and many of them have small stone dogs set about them. The Chinese have a tradition that the dogs will drive away evil spirits.

Peiping.
~~PEKING~~

Our steamer carries us to Hankow. At Hankow we are in the middle of the tea country. Through the streets come long lines of coolies, with great boxes of tea on their shoulders. If we went farther up the Yangtse we should meet fleets of boats loaded with tea. They grow a great deal of tea in China.

At Hankow we shall leave the boat and take the train to Peking. The train carries us across the valley of the Hwang River to the great plain which lies about Peking.

The soil of this plain is very interesting. It is bright yellow. When ditches are dug in it, the walls do not crumble or roll down; they stand straight up as though you had cut through

a pound of butter. This yellow soil is called loess. Men think it has been carried to China from the desert in the north by the winds.

Peking is the capital of China. The people of Peking are taller and stronger than those we saw in the south of China. They grow millet instead of rice. Their yellow soil is rich, but their rivers often overflow. The floods destroy the crops and houses and drown hundreds of the people.

THINGS TO DO

1. On the sand table make the high mountains in the western part of China.
2. Make the two smaller ranges.
3. Make the three great rivers.
4. Make the three great cities, Shanghai, Hankow, and Peking.
5. Make the railway which runs from Hankow to Peking.

THE GREAT WALL

We must not leave Peking without seeing the great wall of China. It runs over the mountains which lie on the northern edge of China.

The great wall of China is one of the most wonderful buildings in the world. It is fifteen hundred miles long, thirty feet high, and twenty-five feet wide. It is made of stone and brick and earth. The Chinese built the great wall hundreds of years ago to keep their enemies on the north and west out of China. There is a ledge along the north side of the wall, behind which the archers used to lie and shoot. There are towers, too, from which the watchmen could see for miles over the country. The Chinese say that it took millions of men to build this wall.

China is shut off from other countries by the ocean, high

mountains, and the great wall. Men think that this may be the reason why the Chinese do things differently from other nations.

THINGS TO DO

In your diaries write three things which the Chinese

eat	grow	work at
wear	travel in	have in their country



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THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

CHINESE BOATS

The train takes five hours to go from Peking to the sea. At the port we go on board a steamer which will take us along the coast to Shanghai, and then to Canton in South China. Canton is another great city. It also stands near the mouth of a great river. This river is called the Si, or Pearl River.

On the Pearl River, as everywhere in China, there are thousands of boats, sampans, junks, canoes, house-boats. Three

hundred thousand people are said to live in the house-boats on the Pearl River. Babies are born, grow up, and die without ever living on the land. The house-boat children have little barrels fastened round their middles. If they fall into the water, the barrels keep them up till their parents pull them out.

The funniest boats of all are the duck-farm boats. There



Presbyterian Mission Board

A CHINESE HOUSE-BOAT

are a great many of these on the Pearl River at Canton. The Chinese are very good at hatching duck and goose eggs. They put them in baskets, which they keep in rooms heated with charcoal.

When the ducklings and goslings come out of their shells they take great care of them, keeping them very quiet, and feeding them first on rice water and then on boiled rice.

After two weeks the ducklings are put on the duck boats. These are flat boats with coops fastened to the sides. Sometimes a thousand ducks and geese live on one boat. The duck-farmer rows his boat about on the ditches and creeks.

When he comes to a swampy place he stops, lays down a board for a gangplank, and opens the coops. The fowl walk politely across the gangplank to the shore. There they dig in the mud for worms and snails. When they have fed for a few hours, the duck-farmer gives a call which the ducks know. They all come hurrying back to the boat. Each fowl tries not to be the last over the gangplank, for the last one gets a blow from the duck-farmer's stick. The Chinese are very fond of eating fowl, so the duck-farmers sell all the ducks and geese they can raise.



Associated Screen News Ltd.

JADE STREET, PEKING



Canadian Pacific Railway

MALAY HUTS AT SINGAPORE

SINGAPORE

From China we are to go on to India to visit our friends. To get a steamer for India we must go to Hong Kong. Hong Kong is a city which stands on an island at the mouth of the Pearl, the great river of Southern China. Hong Kong belongs to the British Empire, which does a great deal of business in this part of the world. Canton, the Chinese city, is on the mainland near.

At Hong Kong we go on board an ocean steamer. The captain and his officers wear suits of white linen. The ladies are all in thin dresses. The electric fans are going; the stewards carry cool drinks to the passengers. We are to sail still farther south. It will be very hot. We, too, must unpack our lightest clothes.

Our ship carries us south almost to the equator. The sun shines straight down on our heads. Standing on the deck at noon our bodies throw no shadows. We should get a sunstroke if we stood long in the sun.

The ship steams through the narrow strait which lets us out of the Pacific and into the Indian Ocean. We stop at a city called Singapore. It also belongs to the British Empire. Many white people trade in Singapore, but the people who live there are brown, they are called Malays.

THINGS TO DO

1. Put Hong Kong and Canton on your sand-table map of China.
2. Study the picture and tell of what these houses are made.
3. Why they are built over the water.
4. What you think these people do for a living.
5. What you think the baskets are for.

INDIA

When our ship leaves Singapore she steams out of the strait (1) and across the Indian Ocean to India (2). India is a large peninsula (3), which juts out of the south side of Asia. The southern point of it is not far from the equator (4). Many millions of people live in India (5). India, too, is part of the British Empire.



As you see on the map, India is a three-cornered land, with a chain of high mountains across the northern end of it (6). These mountains are called the Himalayas. They are the highest mountains in the world (7). Several of them are five miles high.

A strange thing about the Himalaya mountains is that though you climb up them on the south side, you do not climb down

on the north side. At least you do not climb down far. You stay up there. The land north of the Himalayas is level but very high. It is a plateau. Because this plateau is the highest plateau (8) in the world, it is sometimes called the "roof of the world."

Seeing where the Himalayas lie, you could almost guess that India has three large rivers. Notice where they flow (9). Notice where they begin. The place where a river begins is called its source (10, 11, 12, 13).

The interesting thing about India is its seasons. Instead of having summer and winter, as we do in Canada and as in Japan and China, they have three seasons in India—the cold season, the hot season, and the wet season.

These seasons are caused by the winds, which in India they call monsoons. In November a wind or monsoon begins to blow from the north-east. This monsoon blows over the land and down from the mountains, so it is a dry cool wind. While the north-east monsoon blows, they have pleasant weather in India.

In February the wind changes. It begins to blow from the south-west. The south-west monsoon (14) blows from the equator over the sea. It is a hot wet wind. It makes the country very hot indeed. The hot season lasts till May.

The south-west monsoon (15) carries a great deal of water with it. It blows against the great Himalaya mountains. It cannot carry its water over them. It drops all on the Indian side of the mountains. In May it begins to rain. It rains every day and all day. It rains in torrents. The roads and fields are soaked with water; boots and trunks and other things in the house are covered with blue mould. The wet season (16) is uncomfortable, but it makes the crops grow.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER AS YOU READ

1. What is a strait? Find another on the map?
2. In what direction are we sailing?
3. What is a peninsula? Find another on the map.

4. How do the rays of the sun fall in southern India?
5. Why can so many people live in India?
6. What will these mountains do to the winds?
7. What age must these mountains be?
8. What is a plateau?
9. Tell where each of the three rivers flows.
10. Tell where each has its source.
11. What kind of land must lie between the sources.
12. Which is the largest of the three rivers?
13. How do you know that it is the largest?
14. What is a monsoon?
15. How many monsoons are there in India?
16. How many seasons are there in India?

CEYLON



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

COCO-NUTS GROWING

On the map you will have noticed an island near the southern point of India. This is Ceylon. We shall stop there on our way to India.

As our ship draws near the land we see a lovely shore lined with palms. Their long graceful leaves shade the yellow sand. Beyond the blue waters of the harbour, the white buildings gleam among the trees. Ceylon is so beautiful that travellers call it the Garden of Eden.

Our ship carries us to Colombo, the chief port of Ceylon. We walk from the dock to the hotel. It is only a little way,



CEYLON

but the white glare of the sun is so strong that it makes our heads ache. They will bring our bags in a bullock cart; it is too hot for horses in Ceylon. We must go at once to the hatter and buy white pith helmets to protect our heads from the sun.

With our pith helmets on we may walk through the Black Town, where the natives live. They are gentle brown people. The children have beautiful dark eyes. We can hardly tell the men and women apart, for both wear skirts and long hair. Their houses are little mud huts with roofs of palm leaves. The people of Ceylon do not work hard. They need few clothes, and they live mostly on rice and fish, with bananas and coco-nuts, which grow everywhere.



Canadian Pacific Railway

TAPPED RUBBER TREE

ON THE WAY TO KANDY

It seems fitting that this fairy island should have a city called Kandy. The railway runs from Colombo to Kandy. We shall have time to go only part of the way.

We pass several little stations, then the railway runs through the jungle. Thick vines stretch between the great trees. The ground is covered with bushes. We could not walk in the jungle. Monkeys chatter among the trees and gorgeous butterflies flit about. Leopards and elephants live there.

At another station the breeze carries perfume. We put our heads out of the windows and sniff and sniff. There is a cinnamon grove near. The men are cutting the small branches from the trees. They pull the bark from them and sell it. We pass banana groves where the trees are weighed down by the great bunches of bananas. We pass groves of rubber-trees where the bowls are set to catch the white milk. This milk hardens into rubber.

Through openings in the trees we catch glimpses of paddy fields, and everywhere we see tall, graceful coco-nut palms, one tree may have a hundred nuts on it; they grow among the leaves at the top. The natives use the meat of the nut to eat, the milk to drink, the shells for cups and bowls, and the leaves to thatch their houses. Out of the husks, mats, ropes, and brooms are made.

CALCUTTA

A WEEK's voyage brings us to Calcutta. Calcutta is the largest city in India. It stands near one of the mouths of the Ganges River. The Ganges has many mouths; this one is called the Hoogly. It is very hot in the lower Ganges valley, and it rains more than it does almost anywhere else in the world. In spite of this a great deal of business is done in Calcutta, and the city has many fine buildings, bridges, and gardens.

We take the train from Calcutta to the Canadian lady's school. It is three hundred miles, and we must spend the night in the train. We hire a man to go with us. He will carry our rugs and buy food for us at the stations. He will get us water to drink too, and see that we change at the right places.

Our man is called Bahadur. He is tall and brown and very kind. He speaks English well. For supper he brings us a variety of little cakes which are sweet and good. When it grows dark he spreads out our rugs for us. The berths in the train are not made up as are ours in Canada, and we must make the best of our wraps. The train rattles along, banging in and out of stations. It is not a very restful night.



Canadian Pacific Railway

THE HOWRAH BRIDGE, CALCUTTA

THINGS TO DO

Study the picture and note in your diary:

1. What kind of clothes Bahadur wears and why he wears them.
2. What he wears on his head and why.
3. How people carry things in India.
4. What animals they use for drawing loads.

AT THE SCHOOL

In the morning we reach the school. The Canadian lady has not seen anyone from home for a long time, and she is very glad to welcome us. There are sixty Hindu boys and girls in the school. They crowd about smiling at us with their great brown eyes and feeling our strange clothes with their brown fingers.

Several of them speak English and are eager to show us about. There are four buildings on the school grounds—a school which is also used as a church, a house for the boys, a house for the girls, and a workhouse where the cooking and



Miss Bertha Robson

MARTHA, PATSY, AND BAHADUR

washing is done. Although the boys and girls have lessons for several hours each day, they do all the work about the place themselves. They are proud to show us how clean and tidy they keep everything.

As soon as we reach the school building, the Canadian lady sends for her children; she can scarcely wait to show them to us. Martha and Patsy are Hindu babies whom she has adopted. In the year in which Martha was born, the south-west mon-



Miss Bessie Macmurchy

BOYS OF THE SCHOOL

soon brought no rain to that part of India. The crops failed The people had no food and thousands of them starved to death; Martha's father and mother died.

The Canadian lady took Martha home and fed her well. Now she is as fat and sweet a baby as you could wish to see. Having done so well with Martha, the Canadian lady adopted Patsy too. She loves them both very much; and indeed we think they are charming. Those of our party who have cameras all want to take their pictures. A rug is spread, a pillow brought, and Bahadur holds them.



Miss Bessie Macmurchy

THE MISSIONARY'S HOUSE

When Martha is older she will go to school, and grow up to be a useful and happy woman. Most of the women in India have not a very happy time. They cannot go out much for it is not considered polite for them to be seen by men who are not related to them. Only poor women work out of doors.

If Martha had lived with her parents she would have been married at eight years of age. There would have been a grand wedding, with music and a procession. At twelve, Martha would have gone to her husband's house. There she would have had to do all the hard work for her mother-in-law. If her husband had died, his family would have blamed her, and she would have been beaten and made to work harder than ever.

Boys in India have happier lives than girls. They are educated; many of them are very well educated. They go wherever they wish, and have many interesting things to work at. Most of them are farmers however. Their farms are small, but they own their own land, and work it as they please.

A VILLAGE IN INDIA

THERE are some fine cities in India, but most of the people live in villages. There is a village near the school. As soon as we have seen the buildings, the boys and girls will take us to visit the village.

The village stands in the shade of the coco-nut palms. It has a fence round it because the jungle is not far off. At night



A BENGAL VILLAGE

a tiger might come out of the jungle and kill the cattle. Some of the tigers kill people.

The houses in the village are made of mud. The man hoes up the earth and mixes it into mud. He builds the mud wall about a foot high. He leaves it for a week to dry in the hot sun. Then he adds another foot and lets it dry, and so on. When the wall is high enough, he lays bamboo poles over it, and covers them with rice straw: this makes the roof.

Inside the house there are no tables or chairs or beds—no

furniture at all. The people sit, eat, and sleep on the floor. A roll of rugs in one corner, and a row of brass bowls by the wall is all the house contains. They sleep on the rugs, and the bowls hold their rice and vegetables. The women cook out of doors, except in the wet seasons. Then they make a fire on the earth floor.

In the middle of the village there is a little temple or church. The pool of water is near it. The people of India are very religious. As soon as they waken, every morning, they bathe in the pool, and then go to church. After that they go to breakfast.

As soon as breakfast is over the men set off to their farms. These may be two or three miles away. A family could not live alone on the farm as they do in Canada. It would not be safe on account of the tigers. Besides, living together in the villages, the people help each other.



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

WATER-CARRIER IN INDIA

When the men are gone the women go to the well to get water. There is a well in every village; usually it has a low stone wall round it. They pull the water up in a goat-skin bag. The women take it home in tall jars, which they carry on their heads. There they wash the vegetables, pound the rice, grind the millet between two stones, and cook the dinner.

They have little gardens round their houses in which they grow peas and beans and onions. In the hot season, the gardens must be watered. The men fasten a rope to the goat-skin bag in the well. They hitch a bullock to the rope. When the bullock stands near the well, the bag hangs in the water. When he walks away he draws up the bag. The men empty it into little troughs which run to the gardens. Sometimes it takes them a whole day to water the gardens.

As we walk through the village we see that some of the men work there. The barber will shave a man wherever he happens to be. The washerman collects the clothes from the houses and carries them to the pool or stream. There he and his wife pound them clean with stones. The village potter is a busy man, for he makes all the little bowls and pots which the people need. He moulds them out of clay and dries them in the hot sun. After that he bakes them in an oven. The village blacksmith mends the broken tools which the people bring him. The village goldsmith is busy too. There is no bank in the village. When the people have saved a piece of money they take it to the goldsmith and get him to make a ring or bracelet out of it; wearing it, they know it is safe.

THE TEA FARM

In this picture you see a tea farm. They grow a great deal of tea in India now. Tea was first grown in China, and millions of pounds are still grown there each year. In China most of the tea growers have only a few bushes. They pick and prepare the tea by hand. As they are not careful in doing this, their tea is not thought to be as good as that grown in India.

In India most of the tea is grown on large farms. Here everything is kept very clean, and much of the work is done by machinery. The nearest houses in the picture are those where the workers live. Those farther off are the factories and storing sheds.

The tea orchards stand on hillsides. The tea plant is a shrub. It would grow to be quite a high tree but the growers keep it cut back to three or four feet, so that the leaves are easily picked. The leaves are picked three or four times a year. The first picking, in April, gives the finest tea. The largest picking is in June. The August picking gives coarser tea.



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

A TEA PLANTATION

Here is a happy little tea picker. She has been picking since dawn, and yet she does not seem to be tired. It is so hot in many parts of India that the people cannot work in the middle of the day, so they begin very early in the morning while it is still cool. The tea pickers are mostly women and girls.

As they fill their baskets boys come and take away the leaves, which are about the size and shape of young rose leaves. The boys spread the leaves out in shallow pans, so that they may dry in the sun. When dry, the leaves are placed in roasting



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

PICKING THE LEAVES OF THE TEA PLANT

pans over the fire. They are shaken and rolled about for a few minutes and then emptied out on a table where a man rolls them with his hand. Again they are dried in the sun, heated and rolled till they look like the tea which we buy. After this the tea must be sifted and sorted before being packed in the lead-lined boxes in which it is shipped to us.

PUZZLE FOR BOYS

The little girl has ten pieces of jewelry on.

Find them all.

PUZZLE FOR GIRLS

How is her skirt made?

UP THE GANGES

Back in Calcutta again, we take a steamer for a trip up the Ganges. The Ganges is a very great river. It begins in the Himalaya Mountains and flows one thousand five hundred miles to the sea. By carrying down soil, it has built up a great plain between the mountains and the sea.

As we steam up the river we see miles of farms on each side. The Ganges brings down enough rich soil each year to fertilise a thousand square miles of farm land. In the north-eastern part of the plain, where there is not enough rain,



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

FARMER PLOUGHING IN INDIA

the farmers build canals to carry the water from the river to their lands.

We see many kinds of farms in India. The soil is so rich and the sun so hot, that if they have rain, they can grow almost anything. We have seen a tea farm. Near Calcutta they grow a great deal of jute, out of which bags are made. The northern farmers grow millet, the southern ones rice and sugar cane which the people need for food. In the west they grow cotton to make cloth. In the Ganges plain they often grow indigo from which blue dye is made.

STUDY THE PICTURES AND TELL

1. With what kinds of animals the man is ploughing.
2. How they are harnessed to the plough.
3. Of what the plough is made.
4. How the man holds it.
5. How he drives his team.
6. What the soil is like.
7. What the barber is doing to the child.
8. What clothes the child wears.
9. Whether the men wear trousers.
10. Why they are not sitting on chairs.



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

THE TAJ MAHAL



Canadian Pacific Railway.

INDIA.

THE TAJ MAHAL

Farther up the Ganges we come to the city of Agra. At Agra we see the Taj Mahal. Many people think it the most beautiful building in the world. It is built of white marble, and there are rubies and sapphires and turquoise and pearls and other jewels in the walls.

The Taj Mahal is a tomb. An Indian Prince built it for his wife. She was one of the most beautiful women in the world. He loved her very much. When she died he built this wonderful tomb for her. He meant to build himself one of black marble on the other side of the river. His son heard of this and thought it would cost too much money. He put his father in prison and kept him there till he died. Now, the prince and his lovely princess both sleep beneath the marble dome.

THE BAZAAR

From Agra, we shall go down by train to Bombay. Bombay is on the west side of India. It has a fine harbour and is a great port. From Bombay the great ships sail to all parts of the world. The streets are busy places.

In India a street where there are shops is called a bazaar. The shopkeeper sits in his shop busily making the things he has to sell.

In the bazaar we see a thousand interesting people. Here is a barber shaving a little boy's head, there is a man selling pots. At the end of the street we come upon the conjurors. The conjurors of India are able to do wonderful things. These snakes are cobras. Their sting is poisonous; many people die every year from their bites, yet these men have them as pets.

If we give him a piece of money, the conjuror will make a mango tree grow before us. He plants a mango seed in the



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IN THE BAZAAR

earth and covers the place with a cloth. Then he waits for a few minutes. When he takes off the cloth, we can see the little green shoots coming out of the ground. The conjuror puts back the cloth and waits a few minutes longer. When he takes off the cloth, the mango tree has grown. It is a foot high and has leaves and flowers on it. He will let you pick the leaves and smell the flowers. One cannot tell how he does it.

Another trick which amazes us is the basket trick. The



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CONJURORS

conjuror brings us a large basket. He lets us look into it and feel it so that we may be sure there is nothing in it. Then his little boy gets into the basket. The father fastens the lid and steps back. He takes his sword and thrusts it through the basket, again and again. We hear the boy scream and see the blood running out on the ground. Then the conjuror stops. He pushes the basket towards us. When we open it we find that it is empty. The little boy comes smiling round the corner. How does the conjuror do it?



H. Pollard *Canadian Pacific Railway*

BOY DRIVING A BULLOCK IN INDIA

A STRIKING THING ABOUT INDIA

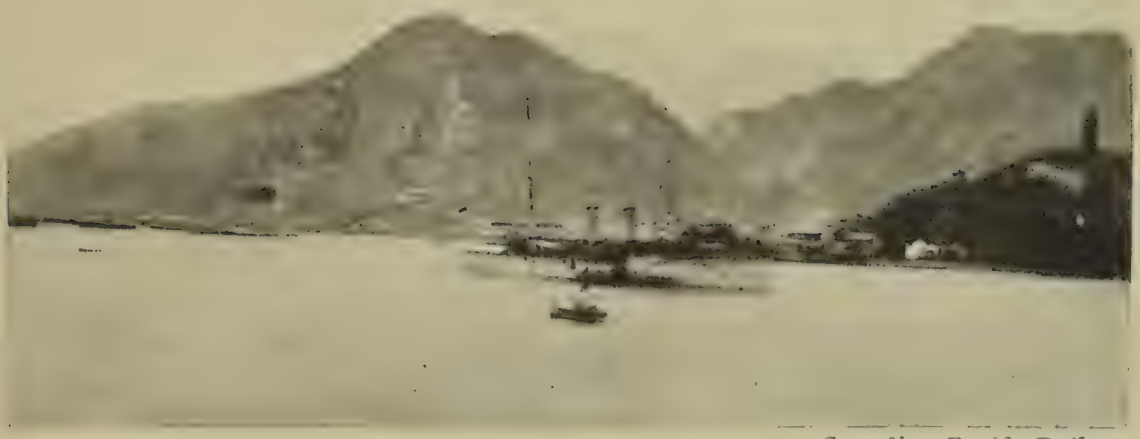
Coming from Japan and China, the thing that strikes us about India is the number of animals to be seen. There are plenty of cows. The people of India think of the cow as a sacred animal. They would not hurt or kill one for anything. The temples have cows belonging to them. These cows are allowed to wander about the streets as they please. If one walks into a house the owner is pleased. He believes that the cow will bring him good luck. They drink milk and eat butter in India, and they make much use of dried cow manure as fuel, which is scarce there.

The people of India keep sheep and goats also. We see donkeys, but no horses. The bullocks and buffaloes do the work of horses. The Indian buffalo is a smaller and tamer animal than our Canadian one. The people use buffaloes to plough and to draw heavy loads. They use the milk of the buffalo also.

In the jungle live the monkeys, jackals, lions, and tigers about which you have read so often. The lion is the king of the jungle, but the people are more afraid of the tigers which carry off sheep, goats, and even men from the villages. If we are lucky we shall see a procession of elephants while we are in India. The elephant is the pride of the country. The Rajahs have seats of carved ivory and gold, and ride upon elephants. Common folk make their elephants earn a living for them. The owner trains his elephant to move stones or lumber or to draw heavy loads. Tame elephants are usually very gentle, even the children are not afraid of them.



A FARM IN INDIA



Canadian Pacific Railway

ADEN

ON THE WAY TO CENTRAL AFRICA

We have seen Japan and China, where it rains moderately during part of the year; we have seen India, where it rains very heavily during part of the year. We are now to visit a country where it rains almost every day. We shall cross the Indian ocean to Africa.

Our ship sails from Bombay early in the morning, and we must be on board the night before. It is pleasant to unpack our trunks and lay out our clothes after having for so long been each night in a different train or hotel. We shall be five days on this ship, so we may make ourselves comfortable.

Crossing the Indian Ocean, it is almost too hot on deck for games. Everyone prefers to bathe or swim in the morning. In the evening there is music and sometimes dancing. The time passes all too quickly, and we arrive at Aden.

Aden is a town in Arabia, near the entrance to the Red Sea. It has a fine harbour where British warships ride at anchor, guarding the strait. Aden lies on the edge of the great desert. It is very, very hot and dry. Not a green thing is to be seen. The houses of sun-dried brick stand in dusty rows. The streets between lie baking in the sun. At once, we are thirsty. We ask for water and find that we must buy it. There is only



His Majesty's East African Dependencies

MOMBASA HARBOUR

one well in Aden. The British Government has a plant where sea water is turned into steam. When the steam cools, it makes fresh water, which is sold to the people.

CROSSING THE EQUATOR

At Aden, we take a steamer for Mombasa. Mombasa is a town in Kenya, a part of East Africa which belongs to the British Empire. Our ship points her nose southwards. Mombasa is a little way beyond the equator.

Each day, as we steam down the coast of Africa, it grows hotter and hotter. The sun shines straight down on the shining blue sea. The passengers wear white linen clothes, and even the children are content to lie in their deck chairs in the shade.

Crossing the equator is fun. On that day, Neptune comes aboard. Neptune is the god of the sea. He climbs over the

ship's rail, dripping water and trailing sea-weed. He has green hair and long green mustachios, and he carries a long stick with three prongs, like a fork. This is his trident.

As king of the sea, Neptune demands a forfeit from each passenger who has not before crossed the equator. We shall all have to pay. The sailors make a throne for Neptune out of coils of rope. He seats himself on it and tells each of us in turn what we must do to prove our loyalty to him. One is asked to sing, another to jump through a hoop, another to eat dry crackers, another to walk on his hands. It is great fun. Neptune seems able to think of any number of amusing forfeits, and there is a great deal of clapping when he pulls off his wig and shows himself to be one of the sailors.



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NATIVES CARRYING IVORY ABOARD THE SHIP IN MOMBASA HARBOUR

Some of these tusks weigh as much as 170 pounds.

MOMBASA

Mombasa is built on an island near the shore. It has good houses and beautiful playgrounds. Most of the people in Mombasa are black or brown. There are only about nine hundred white people. As the town lies at sea-level and very near the equator, the weather is usually too hot and damp for white people. Those who live there have to rest a good deal. Most of the work is done by the negroes.

A great deal of ivory is shipped from Mombasa. Ivory is the hard, white stuff of which elephants' tusks are made. It is very like our own teeth. Ivory is used for making ornaments and is very valuable. The finest ivory comes from elephants' tusks, but the hunters get a useful kind from the tusks and teeth of the hippopotamus. This kind is used for making artificial teeth. There are many elephants and hippopotami in Central Africa, so that Mombasa has a large ivory trade.

We shall not stay in Mombasa. We are going into the centre of Africa to see how the black children live in the land

where it rains every day. We can go part of the way on the train. Afterwards we shall travel in more than one strange way.

Our train is a narrow one, with small coaches, but it has sleeping-cars and a diner. After leaving Mombasa station the train crosses a long bridge over the strait between the island and the mainland. At first we pass through a good deal of wild land. It is too hot for white people to work here, and the negroes are just learning to farm. We see some coco-nut plantations and a few sisal farms.



His Majesty's East African Dependencies

NEGROES IN SKINS TREATED WITH FAT AND RED EARTH

In the night our train begins to climb, and morning finds us in quite a different country. We have left the low, hot coast lands behind us and climbed five thousand feet up into the hills. We are still very near the equator, but we are now so high up that the air is pleasant in spite of the sun. In the highlands of Kenya white men can live comfortably all the year round. Even in February and March, which are the hottest months of the year, there is a cool breeze during most of the day and the daily showers keep the air fresh.

We now begin to pass cattle feeding, corn fields, orchards, and even wheat farms. Soon we arrive at Nairobi, the capital of Kenya. The streets are full of negroes, some in



His Majesty's East African Dependencies

COFFEE IN FLOWER

petticoats of bark cloth, others in skins which have been treated with fat and red earth. The girls wear coils of telegraph wire; the boys slit their ears or lips and thrust long pieces of wood into the slits.



His Majesty's East African Dependencies

A SISAL PLANTATION

THE COFFEE COUNTRY

Most of the farmers about Nairobi grow coffee. The coffee seeds grow on a slender tree or bush. Wild coffee-trees are sometimes twenty feet high, but the cultivated ones are trimmed to about ten feet. The coffee bush is pretty. It has shining evergreen leaves and little white flowers, which have a delicious smell. The coffee plant cannot bear frost, and grows best in a warm, very moist country.

When the coffee-tree is three years old it has its first crop of fruit. The fruit is a bright dark red, and each fruit has two seeds in its core. The tree keeps on flowering and bearing fruit for eight months of the year. The coffee farmers take three pickings. Some trees bear as much as a pound of seeds at a time. The fruit is dried in the sun and passed between rollers which rub off the pulp and husk. The seeds are then packed in sacks to be shipped. They are roasted and ground before being used, but this is done in the grocery store or by the housewife.

A CHOOSE-THE-SENTENCE GAME

In each of these pairs one statement is right and the other wrong. Put a cross before the wrong one.

1. Kenya is in Asia. Kenya is in Africa.
2. It is north of India. It is east of India.
3. It is too hot for white men. Its coast is too hot for white men.
4. They grow tea in Kenya. They grow coffee in Kenya.



Publishers' Photo Service

AFRICAN ZEBRA

THE BIG-GAME COUNTRY

From Nairobi we go on by train to Kisumu, on Lake Victoria. The train carries us down from the highlands into the great rift valley of Africa. Most valleys are gouged out by rivers, but a rift valley is formed by the crust of the earth itself. The crust cracks in two places not so very far apart. The two cracks run parallel with each other. The land between the two cracks sinks down thousands of feet, leaving a great valley. There are not many rift valleys in the world. The African one is the largest. In the African rift valley lie Lake Victoria and a number of other great lakes. Lake Victoria is the second largest lake in the world. The equator passes through it.

As we go down from the highlands it becomes hotter and hotter. We pass through thick forests and over streams choked with reeds. This is the big-game country. People come here from all over the world to shoot elephants and rhinoceroses and lions. On our train there are several gentlemen going in with the powerful guns needed for this kind of hunting.



A FLOCK OF OSTRICHES

For a mile on each side of the railway the Government has made the land a game preserve. No one may shoot there. The animals know this, and we see flocks of ostrich and herds of zebra feeding quietly near the line. Elephants are shy animals, but we might see a rhinoceros lumbering along. The conductor tells us that they have been known to wreck coaches and even small stations.

UGANDA

Kisumu, on Lake Victoria, is quite a busy port. The railway runs down to the docks. Here goods are taken across the great lake. We take the steamer for Jinja, in Uganda. The lake boat is not large, but it steams along quickly. We pass open country and thick woods, and are soon out of sight of land. The captain steers almost directly along the equator. The sun beats down; there is no breeze; it is very, very hot. We are glad to land at Jinja.

Jinja is a small town. It lies at the outlet of Lake Victoria. Here the water of the lake runs over the Ripon Falls, and forms the beginning of the great river Nile. From the foot of the falls the Nile starts on its long, long journey to the sea. We may



His Majesty's East African Dependencies

STREET IN JINJA, UGANDA

take a good look at it, because we are going to travel by this river for several weeks. The falls are about thirteen feet high and a quarter of a mile wide. At first the river is narrow and deep. Looking down from the high bank we can watch the negro fishermen. They wait for the fish to leap out of the water and then spear them.

THINGS TO DO

1. On your sand table make a great rift valley.
2. In the valley make Lake Victoria.
3. Make the beginning of the Nile. Let it run into Lake Kioja and then into Lake Albert. (See page 109.)
4. Make three large animals which live by these lakes.



Native War Dance Africa



Native Warriors Africa



Native Band Africa



Native Doctor Africa



Native Conference Africa



Justus A. C. Holm

CUTTING DOWN A MAHOGANY-TREE IN A TROPICAL FOREST

A JOURNEY IN A TEAPOY

BELOW the Ripon Falls the Nile is full of rocks and falls. Boats cannot sail on it. We could go from Jinja to Lake Kioja in the train, cross Lake Kioja in a boat, and go across Uganda to Lake Albert in a motor car.



BANANA TREE

But we are now in Central Africa, the country we have come so far to see. We want to see the country and the people. We must travel in a teapoy. A teapoy is a hammock, each end of which is fastened to a pole. The teapoy is lowered, we climb into it, then two strong negroes place the pole on their shoulders and trot off with it and us. They swing us from side to side, and jolt us up and down. This is not very comfortable, but we shall be able to

follow the narrow paths through the great woods and see what there is to see.

In the forest the trees crowd together, and the vines climb back and forth covering them. The underbrush is so thick that only an elephant can tramp through it. The great leaves shut out the sun. It is dim and damp along the path. There are not many flowers and not very many birds. But the weeds grow quickly, so quickly that if the path is not used every day it is soon overgrown and lost. We come to many swampy places. The teapoy men wade through these. We cross the river on a bridge of poles and vines.



TRAVELLING BY TEAPOY

In the afternoon clouds cover the sun. The thunder rumbles, and heavy rain falls for an hour or two. Then the sun comes out again and the whole forest steams. It is like walking in a greenhouse. And this happens on almost every day of the year.

We camp early, for it is soon dark under the trees. The teapoy men set up our folding beds and build over them a roof of poles. They cover the poles with mosquito netting, and we creep under it. The net is very important. The mosquitoes carry fever germs and many African insects are poisonous.



AFRICAN VILLAGE, WITH NEGRO BOYS DANCING



Ewing Galloway

BUILDING A HOUSE IN UGANDA

THE NEGRO VILLAGE

Next morning we reach a native village. Most of the people of Uganda belong to the tribe called Baganda. This is a Baganda village. It is in an open space in the forest. The path winds among patches of garden. A man comes to meet us. He is tall and strong. He has a piece of cloth draped over his shoulders and a cap on his head. The cap shows that he is the policeman. The policeman takes us to the hut of the chief, who welcomes us. He asks us many questions, and then lets us go to look about the village.

There are eleven huts in the village, and another is being built. That is lucky; we shall be able to see them do it. The huts are built of poles like a teepee. The poles are covered with strong vines, and the whole is thatched with many layers of grass or palm leaves. When finished it looks rather like a small haystack.

The boy in the picture who is looking over his shoulder and

laughing at us is called Toro. He has been at the mission school, and can speak a little English. Toro is a good-natured fellow; perhaps he will take us to see the inside of his house.

There is not much to see; there is very little furniture in a Baganda house. Some of the larger ones have a front and back room. The people sleep on heaps of grass, and cover themselves with mats of woven grass. There are a few baskets for holding vegetables, and a few iron pots for cooking; that is all.



Justus A. C. Holm

DRYING COCOA BEANS IN WEST AFRICA

Cocoa is another kind of crop which they grow in Africa. Cocoa and chocolate are made from cocoa beans, which are almond-shaped seeds of the cocoa-tree.

TORO'S FARM

Toro's father has a tiny farm. In Uganda the trees and vines grow so thick that it is hard work to clear a field. We find his mother and two sisters working in the field. The mother is getting vegetables for supper, and the girls are weeding the little corn patch. Weeds grow very fast in this warm, wet land, and the crops must be weeded very often or they will be choked. Besides the corn there are beans just coming up.



His Majesty's East African Dependencies

CLIMBING AN OIL-PALM

It is warm and rainy all the year round in Uganda. The people plant at any time of the year. When the crop is ripe they harvest it and plant another.

With great pride Toro shows us the family cotton patch. Until a few years ago the Bagandas did little except hunt. The women planted small patches of corn and vegetables for food, but they did not grow anything to sell. About 1908 some people brought cotton seed into the country and planted it. The plants did very well. It was found that Uganda was well suited to growing cotton.

So many things are made of cotton that a cotton farmer is always sure of getting a good price for his crop. The British Government sent men to show the Bagandas how to plant cotton, how to pick and sort, dry, and clean it. The Bagandas learned quickly and worked hard. Now many of them have cotton farms. They use their money to buy clothes and jewelry. Some of the chiefs even have motor cars. In 1926 the people of Uganda got ten million dollars for their cotton.

CHEAP LIVING

It does not cost the negroes much to live. They get a great part of their living from the trees and plants which grow wild in the forest. These trees give them food, clothes, and houses.

Beyond the cotton patch a man is climbing an oil-palm. At the top there is a cluster of fruit like a huge bunch of grapes. Take care, the man is cutting through the stem. The cluster falls at our feet. Each fruit is as large as a plum and has a thick spiky skin. The nut is like a large plum stone. Between the stone and the kernel there is a rich yellow oil. Toro tells us that his people use this oil instead of butter. They make a drink out of the sap of the tree. The fibres of the leaves are used for making mats, baskets, nets, and skirts. They use the wood of the tree for the frames of their houses and its leaves to thatch them.

The banana-tree is another plant which serves the negroes well. They wrap the green fruit in its own leaves, and bake it as a vegetable. They eat the ripe fruit as dessert. They make a sweet drink of the juice. The leaves of the banana are used instead of paper coverings. They weave the leaf fibres into sun hats, mats, and coarse cloth. The pith is scraped out of the middle of the stem to make sponges or to be used for cleaning the teeth. The stems themselves are used for building fences.

SUPPER

Most tribes of negroes eat only two meals a day. (1) They have supper rather early. As soon as the sun begins to sink the women build fires on the ground in front of their houses, and begin to cook the supper.

Toro's mother cooks a stew of hippoptamus meat. This is a great treat. The Baganda people do not keep cattle

or sheep; (2) and they have meat only when someone has been out hunting.



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HIPPOPOTAMUS

For bread Toro's mother makes a kind of dough cake. Earlier in the day the girls put some corn into a hollow stump and ground it to flour with a heavy stick. The mother now takes this flour, makes dough of it, wraps it in damp banana leaves, and bakes it in the ashes. It is soaked with palm oil and eaten with the stew.

When supper is ready the men gather about the pan and each one dips in his fingers and takes what he can get. As Toro is well grown he eats with the men. The women will make their meal of what is left.

A WORD PUZZLE

Arrange each of these words under its proper heading as: food, clothing, for use, for sale.

ivory	palm fibre	telegraph wire
hippopotamus	teapoy	rhinoceros
palm oil	palm leaves	bark
bananas	cotton	cocoa

A DAY WITH TORO

To-day we shall spend quietly resting after our journey. You will wish to work or play with Toro and his friends. I shall sit in the shade and play with the babies. There are four of them, black and shiny and jolly. They roll in the dust between the huts. They build piles of sand, and make mud pies, and sing softly to themselves just as white babies do.



Canadian Pacific Railway
NEGRO BABY

The girls have not much time for play. Even the little ones run back and forth helping their mothers all day long. They sweep the floor of the hut with a broom which is like a bundle of twigs. They collect sticks for the fire, or bring water. They pound corn or manioc root into flour. Every day they weed the gardens.

The boys have more time for fun. As soon as the chill mist has risen from the river they go to bathe. They bathe three or four times a day if they wish. They scrape themselves all over with a smooth piece of rock, and polish their shining teeth with a piece of soft wood bitten into the shape of a tooth brush. They help with the planting and weeding, but they do not cook or weave, so that they have some spare time. They love to dance, stepping gaily round and round in a circle, and keeping time with their hands.

Most of their games have to do with hunting. They practise with their bows and arrows for hours at a time. They pretend

to be dogs chasing a rabbit, or deer attacked by a lion, or crocodiles catching black boys and girls. In the heat of the day they sleep or sit telling tales.

THE HUNTING PARTY

We are awakened next morning by a party of hunters. They have come up from Jinja to hunt elephant and rhinoceros. They want Toro's father to guide them through the forest. He is glad to do so, for they will pay him well. Toro is wild



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A RHINOCEROS

with delight because he is allowed to go with the party. He will carry part of the ammunition.

About sundown the hunting party return in triumph. They have shot a rhinoceros. He was feeding on the bank of a small stream about six miles from the village. A chance shot roused him and he charged the party. Toro's father darted in front of him, making him turn, and the hunter, aiming carefully, hit him just behind the ear. It was an exciting hunt, and the men tell the story over and over again.



Canadian Pacific Railway

NEGRO WAR DANCE

To-night Toro's village will give a dance to celebrate the success of the hunt. Toro and the other young men begin to beat their drums. The drums are hollow logs with pieces of skin stretched over them. They give out a deep booming sound which can be heard several miles. The people in the villages near know that the beating is an invitation to a dance.

The visitors begin to arrive soon after supper. Wood is piled on the fire, and the people begin to dance to the beating of the drum. Some of the people dance while others clap their hands in time. When the dancers are tired the clappers dance for a time. So it goes on late into the night.

Toro's people, the Baganda tribe, are the most civilised of the negro tribes. They wear clothes, keep themselves clean, and eat good food. They are clever, learning easily and quickly what the white men teach them. They have chiefs and a king over all. They have a parliament which makes laws for their country; and there are policemen to see that people obey the laws. Uganda is under the protection of the British Empire.

THE PYGMIES

WESTWARD beyond Uganda, in the thick steaming forest along the Congo river, lives a very different tribe of negroes. These are the Pygmies. They are a strange race, and very few white people have ever seen them.

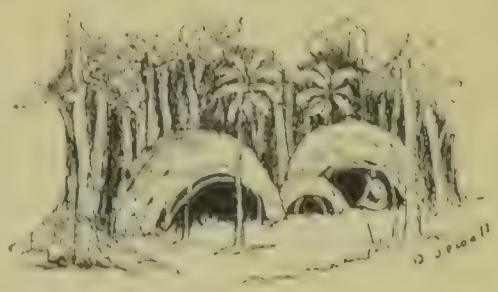


PYGMY AND WHITE MAN

The Pygmies are very small. The men are less than five feet tall, and the women are shorter still. They live in low round houses, which they make of leaves and branches. The branches are stuck in the ground in a circle, and bent over and tied together at the top.

The Pygmies wear almost no clothes. They do not know how to grow crops, so they have to live on the meat which they kill. They shoot well with the bow and arrow; they can kill an elephant with their light weapons. They first shoot him in the eye to blind him, and afterwards kill him with their spears. They catch fish without hooks, dropping into the water a bit of meat tied to a string. They dig pits in the forest and cover them with leaves; the big animals fall into these traps and the Pygmies kill them.

The Pygmies are very wild and shy. They rarely go near a village unless they know it is empty. They are very fond of bananas. Sometimes they shoot an arrow into a bunch of bananas while it is still green. The owners know that the Pygmy will come to get the bananas when they are ripe. Usually he brings a piece of meat to pay for the fruit.



PYGMY HUTS

The Pygmies have not much to make them happy. It rains hard in their country almost every day for eight months of the year. The forest is like a

swamp. They cannot get food, and are glad to eat rats and frogs. They get colds and bad coughs. They have no one to teach them, and nothing pleasant to do. They are cruel, even to each other.

A GAME OF DIRECTIONS

Let all the pupils stand. Let one of them read a question, call a name, and count five. If the pupil named does not answer before five is counted, he must sit down. Read the questions in turn and make up others.

1. What direction is Japan from China?
2. What direction is India from China?
3. What direction did we sail to reach Aden?
4. What direction is Mombasa from Aden?
5. What direction is Lake Victoria from Mombasa?
6. What direction have we travelled since we left Jinja?
7. In what directions does the great rift valley lie?
8. In what direction shall we travel down the Nile?

DOWN THE NILE

The big-game hunters plan to cross the country to the River Nile, to go down that river to the sea, and so home to England and Canada. The chance is too good to miss. We shall go with them. We say good-bye to Toro and his people, climb into our teapoys, and set out for the river.

Next morning we are deep in the forest. The thermometer stands at a 110° in the shade. The wind is from the south and carries with it a heavy dampness which makes it difficult to breathe. The teapoy men do not mind. They trot along briskly. The rain is heavy and lasts longer than usual, but they do not mind that either.

The sportsmen are dripping with perspiration; but we are in elephant country, and every person keeps a sharp look out.

Presently a strange high call is heard. It is the scout, and means that he has seen a herd of elephant. Camp is made at once. It is not safe to hunt elephant in large parties, so the men draw lots, and the three fortunate guns set off.



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AN ELEPHANT

In less than an hour we hear five shots. Half an hour later we hear eight shots. It is very exciting. Soon a bearer appears. The hunters have come up with a herd of fifteen elephants. They have shot a bull, and need help in cutting him up. Those who do not mind unpleasant sights and smells go to see the operation. The others are content to see the great tusks, and the ears, large as doormats, which the hunters bring back.

THE SUDD COUNTRY

NEXT day we reach Lake Albert, the source of the White Nile. At Nimule we get a boat and set out on our long journey to the sea. Our boat is small, but we are glad to go on board. We hope it will be a little cooler on the river than it has been in the forest. It will at least be dryer. At Gondokoro, we go on board a larger boat which will carry us to Khartoum.



For days and days we pass down a part of the Nile with thick woods on both banks. Very few white people have been here, and the country has not all been explored. The river is clear, and the current is quite swift. We advance at a good rate.

At last we reach the sudd country. Sudd is formed of a vast mass of water weeds and reeds. At this point the Nile is very wide and the current is slow. The weeds grow very fast in the damp heat. They mass together, making a great island, which blocks the river and sends the water flooding over the land.

This wastes the water which is needed far to the north in Egypt. The Government keeps dredges on the river. They bite off great pieces of the sudd and break it up. In this way they keep a free channel for the water. There are three white men on the dredge. They come over to visit us looking very smart in white linen suits. They have seen no white men for some weeks, and are eager to hear the news.



A GIRAFFE

THE GRASSLANDS

And now each day the forests are less thick. The trees are still large, but there are fewer vines, less underbrush, and many more open spaces. In three days we reach country which looks like a great park. The trees stand apart from one another, and the grass grows tall beneath them.

We have left behind us the land where it rains every day; we are on our way to the land where it never rains at all. We have passed out of the thick forests and are entering the grass lands.

The grasslands are still negro country. The villages along the river banks have the little rounded huts which we have become so used to seeing. The villagers come down to the shore to see us pass. They are handsome people. They are less civilised than the Baganda people, and have many strange customs. Some of them lick our hands instead of shaking them, and others spit in our faces as a polite greeting.

Our boat uses wood to make its steam. The wood is piled ready at certain villages along the river. At these villages the people carry the wood on board, and are eager to get the beads and bits of cotton we have for them.

Near one village our sportsmen shoot a crocodile. The people are delighted, shouting and dancing about. Crocodiles are very dangerous animals. They like nothing better than a supper of black boy or girl. They gather round the villages and lie in wait for the children who come to fill their water pots, or the women who come to wash. Having seized their victim by a limb or piece of his clothing, they drag him under water, drown, and then eat him.

KHARTOUM

NEXT we pass through scrubby country. There are patches of withered looking trees and thorny undergrowth. The grass is burnt looking. The river is growing wider; at El Dueim it is a mile wide. Away to the east and to the west lie the great sandy wastes; we have reached the land where it never rains; we are in the Great Desert. The river grows wider and wider; when the boat is near one shore we can scarcely see the other. In two days we reach Khartoum.



His Majesty's East African Dependencies

NEGRO CHILDREN

Khartoum is the chief town of the Sudan. The desert lies about it; but it is on the river and the people can have lawns and gardens by watering them. The British Empire protects the Sudan also, so there are a good many white people living in Khartoum. It is not very far from the equator, and the dry burning air of the desert makes it very hot. White people living there used to fall ill and die of fever. But the Government has stopped that. The fever germs are carried by the mosquitoes which breed in

standing water. The Government pours melted wax on every pool of standing water. The mosquitoes cannot breed and there is no more fever. In Khartoum a man is fined if a mosquito is found in his house.

We now leave the boat in which we have had such an interesting trip. There are six falls in the Nile below Khartoum. Large boats cannot use this part of the river; we take the train to Wady Halfa. The desert train is interesting. The windows have dark-blue glass in them, to save our eyes from the glare of the sun on the sand; there are shutters, too, to keep out the blistering heat; each compartment has a berth, an electric fan, and a wash basin. It looks comfortable; but it is so hot that we are soon wet with perspiration; and covered with the fine hard dust which blows in at every crack. We are glad when the twenty-four hours journey is over and we arrive at Wady Halfa.

THE GREAT DESERT

East, west, and north of Wady Halfa stretches the greatest desert in the world. It reaches all the way across Africa to the Atlantic, and almost all the way across Asia to the Pacific Ocean. This desert lies in the middle of the great mass of land which makes up the three continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa.

With this sun beating down upon the street in front of us we are not likely to forget that we are still not very far north of the equator; nor that the air over the equator is hot. Hot air rises. The ceiling of a room is always warmer than the floor. The hot air over the equator rises steadily. The air from north and south moves in to fill up the space. This moving air makes a breeze, which blows continually towards the equator. This breeze is called the trade wind.

North-east of the Great Desert lie part of Europe and nearly all of Asia. The trade winds blow over thousands of miles

of land before they reach the middle of the land mass, and every mile of land steals from them some of their water. By the time they reach the middle they have no moisture left to send down as rain.

Over all this great stretch of desert rain hardly ever falls. As there is so little rain there is very little grass and no trees of any kind; as there is no grass to hold it together, the sand is loose and light; the winds blow it about. Here and there, long distances apart, there are wells; grass and trees spring up round the wells. Such a fertile spot in the desert is called an oasis.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make the Great Desert on your sand table.
2. Mark the equator some distance to the south of it.
3. Make the narrow seas north of it. (See map on page 143.)
4. Make the mountain ranges north of the narrow seas.
5. Put up small flags on the great land mass to show in what direction the trade winds blow.
6. Tell what the land mass does to the moisture in the wind.
7. Tell what the mountains do to the moisture in the wind.
8. Make several oases in your desert.

THE CARAVAN

We are now to have another strange ride. At Wady Halfa camels wait to take us on a journey into the desert. We shall travel to Selimah, the nearest oasis; it will take us several days, but it will be worth it. We shall see how the children of the desert live.

The desert people are called Arabs. Their home is in Arabia, in the south-eastern part of the Great Desert; from there they have spread over all the western end of it. They belong to the white race as we do, and they are brave, proud, and clever.

The Arabs who live in the desert are called Bedouins. They are nomads; that is, people who do not live in one spot, but who wander from one place to another, driving their flocks and herds with them.

Mohammed, our leader and guide, has hired our camels for us. He has chosen some old ones, for they are wise and



Canadian Pacific Railway

LOADING THE CAMELS

Our tents, food, and water are packed very carefully on the backs of the camels. The water is carried in goatskin bags called girbas; every drop is precious.

know their way well. He has some young ones, too, for they are strong. The camel is often called the "ship of the desert." He has large flat feet, so that he can stride across the sand without sinking into it. His stomach is such that he can drink enough at one time to last him a week in summer, or two weeks in winter. Riding camels travel six miles an hour, and can go seventy miles a day. Freight camels march only two or three miles an hour, but they can carry three hundred pounds of goods. In crossing the desert the camels go in groups called caravans.



Canadian Pacific Railway

PART OF OUR CARAVAN

A DAY'S JOURNEY

It takes so long to arrange everything that we are late in starting. We are not able to go far the first afternoon, but the next morning we find ourselves really in the desert.

We get up at six o'clock, and everyone rushes out to the fire which one of the camelmen has made. It is so cold that we shiver and pull our cloaks about us. We are very glad to drink the hot tea the camelmen are handing round in glasses; it warms us.

The morning coolness is soon gone. It is very hot and windy. The men take off their cloaks and put on their sandals. The desert lies about us like an enormous pancake. The ground is flat, hard sand, with a little gravel sprinkled over it. In some places the wind has drifted the sand into hills, called sand dunes. In other places the wind has swept all the sand away, and left a bare rocky waste. Here and there are patches of thin grass, and the camels stop to graze.

It grows hotter and hotter. One by one we climb to the back of a camel and doze in the shade of a kind of little tent, which the men arrange for us. But the camel sways and bumps. It is hard to say which is the most uncomfortable. walking on the blistering sand or riding on the swaying camel,

At eleven o'clock Mohammed calls a halt. The men unload the camels and set up the tents. The cook gives us a piece of bread and a few dates for lunch. We are glad to go to sleep till the heat of the day is past.

By four o'clock we are on our way again. It is still hot, but presently a cool breeze springs up. The men begin to sing, the camels move more quickly. The sun goes down and the stars come out. In the desert the stars seem very large and bright; they burn like lamps in the sky. About nine o'clock we camp for the night.

KHADRA AND HUSSEIN

Next morning early we come to a Bedouin camp. Mohammed halts at a little distance from the tents. The leader of the Bedouins comes to greet us. He invites us to breakfast at his tent. While our men are making camp we go with him.

There are several families in the Bedouin camp. The men come to sit with us while the women are getting the meal ready. There are three children in the camp. Hussein is twelve, Khadra ten, and Hamad six. They have fine features, great dark eyes, and beautiful teeth. Until a year ago Hamad wore hardly any clothes in summer, but now he is six he has a suit of clothes like his father and Hussein. Khadra is dressed just like her mother.

While Khadra is helping the women, Hussein and Hamad show us their tent; it is made of woollen cloth dyed black. The women cut the hair from the goats and camels, spun it into yarn, and wove it into cloth. They have woven strips of light-coloured cloth with the black to make it look pretty.

Inside, the tent is divided into two parts by a heavy woollen curtain. The front part of the tent belongs to Hussein and his father; the back is the women's part. The floor is covered with rugs and cushions, but there is no furniture. In the



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A BEDOUIN FAMILY

women's room there are piles of blankets. At night a Bedouin rolls himself in his blanket and goes to bed on the ground. In another corner there are copper pots for cooking and wooden bowls for holding food. Here too are several great wooden saddles for the camels which Khadra and her mother ride.

At breakfast we sit on the ground in front of the tent. Khadra's mother has made us some little cakes. Khadra brings us cheese and dates to eat with them. While we eat, Hussein builds a tiny fire of dry bushes, and his father makes coffee for us. The Bedouins do not eat much bread or meat. They can get flour only when they go to town, and most of them are too poor to kill their animals. When a sheep or goat or camel dies, they eat its flesh as a feast.

After breakfast the men mount their horses and drive the sheep and goats to pasture on the patches of thin grass. Hussein goes with them. The camels are allowed to graze where they will, for they are wise animals and will return to the camp of their own accord.

When the men are gone Khadra tidies the tent and plays in the sand with Hamad. Her mother makes butter. She pours the cream into a skin bag and shakes it back and forth till the butter comes. Butter is a great treat to the Bedouins. More often they make cheese of the milk from the goats and

camels. They mould the cheese into little cakes which they lay on top of the tent to dry. This cheese carries well and will keep a long time.

One of the women spins thread from sheeps' wool; it is interesting to watch her. She has a poor spinning wheel, but she makes strong thread; she will weave the thread into tents, blankets, and cloaks. The Bedouins buy their cotton and silk clothes in the towns, but they weave most of the woollen things they need. Spinning and weaving fills all the spare hours of the women, for the Bedouins wear a good many clothes. They are white like ourselves, and the desert sun burns a white skin badly. Their loose woollen robes keep the sun off and let the air through to cool the body.

A GAME OF REASONS

See how many of you can give the twelve reasons for these things in four minutes. (How many reasons is that in a minute?)

1. Why the Arabs live in tents.
2. Why they are able to sleep on the ground safely.
3. Why they wear so many clothes.
4. Why they wear woollen clothes.
5. Why they wear shawls on their heads.
6. Why they wear sandals on their feet.
7. Why they eat little meat.
8. Why they make such very small fires.
9. Why they live in such small groups.
10. Why they travel on camels. Give three reasons for this.

THE SANDSTORM

Next morning we say good-bye to our Bedouin friends, and with many good wishes on both sides we set off again towards the oasis. It is a fine clear morning. Soon, however, a little wind comes up, and goes whispering over the desert. It is cool and rather pleasant, but Mohammed begins to look a little anxious.

The wind grows stronger, and little jets of sand begin to leap up about our feet. They whirl away, but others come in their places. The jets grow larger and larger, the sand flings itself against our knees, against our bodies; soon it is beating in our faces. The air is full of sand. We can open our eyes



Ewing Galloway

SPINNING WITH HOME-MADE WHEEL

only in peeps. We can scarcely breathe. Luckily the wind comes in gusts. There are a few seconds between when one can draw a breath and peep at one's neighbour.

The sun is hidden, and Mohammed has no shadow to guide him. He keeps his right cheek to the wind, as it was in the beginning, and struggles on. Camels and men struggle after him. We dare not stop, for the drifting sand would bury and suffocate us. We are tortured with the stinging blast, but we pull our cloaks about our faces and stagger on.

Not being sure of his direction, Mohammed moves as slowly

as he dares. After a time the wind lessens, the sand falls to our knees, and then lies quiet. But the sky is covered with a grey haze; we cannot see the sun. Mohammed must go slowly till the stars come out. Then he finds the Pole Star and sets off in the right direction.



Underwood and Underwood

AN OASIS TOWN

THE OASIS TOWN

Early next morning Mohammed points out the oasis to us. It is still a long way off, but we can see it plainly in the clear air. The men begin to sing. The camels step more briskly; they know they will soon have water to drink and fresh grass to eat.

Coming nearer, we see the green trees. They are very beautiful to eyes tired of looking for days at the sand. Nearer still and we see the white houses gleaming among them. The caravan camps outside the oasis; but Mohammed will take us to a house where we can wash and put on fresh clothes.

In the afternoon we walk about the town. The houses are built of sundried brick or plaster. In the town in the picture many of the houses have rounded roofs, but the houses in most

Arab towns have flat roofs. Flat roofs do very well in a country where it never rains. The Arabs sit on their roofs in the evenings, and often sleep on them.

WATERING THE GARDENS

Outside the town are the gardens and palm groves of the oasis. As there is no rain, every seed which is planted must be watered regularly. Arab gardeners spend a great deal of their time watering their gardens. It seems hard work to us, but the Arabs look with scorn upon our easy-going farmers who must wait for it to rain. They think theirs is much the surer way of getting a crop; and so it is.

The oasis is divided into plots, some larger, some smaller.



Underwood and Underwood

WATERING THE GARDENS

The plots are separated by low walls of clay. The water is carried to the plots in troughs and allowed to spread over them. Each gardener gets his share of the water in turn.

In one place we see them lifting the water from the well in skin bags. The bags are fastened to long ropes, which are

carried over pulleys on a frame and hitched to a team of oxen. When the oxen stand near the frame the skin bags drop down into the well and fill with water; then the gardener drives his oxen away from the frame; the bags are pulled up and empty the water into a trough; from the trough it is carried about the garden wherever it is needed.



Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

A DESERT FLOUR MILL

A DETECTIVE GAME

1. Study the picture and find the well.
2. Tell where the oxen are.
3. Point to the pulleys.
4. Find out what kind of skin the bags are made of.
5. Find the trough.
6. Find the outlet of the trough.
7. Find the canal which carries the water to the garden.
8. Find out what the woman is doing.



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DATES GROWING

THE DATE PALMS

We are eager to see dates growing. They grow on a kind of palm-tree which is common in the desert wherever there is water in the ground. The Arabs say that date palms need to have "their feet in the water and their heads in the sun." The trees are set out in rows or in groups. Date palms are very valuable, and their owners take great care of them.

The dates grow among the crown of leaves at the top of the tree. They hang in huge clusters from long stalks. They are reddish at first, then golden in colour. When they are ripe the men climb the trees; they cut down the clusters with sharp knives and sickles. On the ground below the women and children pick the fruit from the stems and pile it in heaps which they cover with mats made of palm leaves.

Dates are good to eat when fresh, but they do not keep well. Most of these which we see about us will be dried in the sun. When dried they are packed in skin bags if they are to be sold

to the Bedouins. If they are to be shipped overseas they are packed in wooden boxes.

Dates are the most valuable crop which the Arabs grow. They live on them for the most part, and when travelling they feed their camels on them too. The leaves are made into mats and baskets; the old stalks are dried and used for fuel. Out of the wood of the old trees they make furniture. Besides this, they sell many tons of dates each year, and get a great deal of money for them.

KOOFAHS

These curious round things are boats. They are called koofahs. The people use them on the rivers which flow through the eastern part of the desert. Koofahs are like great round baskets. They are made of reeds and are then coated, inside and outside, with asphalt. This makes them watertight. The koofah men carry heavy loads of goods and passengers in these odd boats.

The men on these rivers use a very strange kind of raft also; it is called a kelek. They build it at one of the towns far up the river. It is made by tying poles together to form a platform; other poles are laid across the platform and tied to it so as to make it stronger. Next the kelek man gets a great many goatskins; these are sewed up into bags, blown full of air, and tied round the neck like a bladder. These goatskin bags look like balloons, and like balloons they float in the water. The kelek man fastens a great many of these air-filled bags to the under-part of his raft; the bags keep the raft from sinking. Small keleks need only sixty goatskins to keep them afloat, but large rafts require two or three hundred.

When the kelek man has finished his raft he piles his goods upon it, and taking a long oar to steer with, he floats down

the river till he comes to the town where he wishes to sell his goods. The kelek floats only down stream. It cannot be made to go up stream. When he has sold his goods the kelek man unties the necks of the goatskin bags and lets the air



Underwood and Underwood

STRANGE BOATS USED BY THE DESERT PEOPLE

out of them. He dries them carefully and loads them on donkeys; the donkeys carry them home for him; then they are ready to make a new kelek when the man wants one again.



THE GREAT DAM AT ASSUAN

THE GREAT DAM AT ASSUAN

When we have returned with the caravan to Wady Halfa we take the boat down the Nile through the land of Egypt. After our hot dusty journey in the desert it is delightful to be once more on the clean boats steaming down the river. In Egypt we shall see what water can do for the desert.

As we go down the river towards Cairo we pass through the locks at Assuan. At Assuan the British have built a great dam across the Nile; it is a mile and a quarter long and higher than a church tower. This dam has sluices in it. When the Nile is in flood the sluice gates are opened to let the water through. By January the great space behind the dam is full of water, which is let through the gates, little by little, as the farmers need it for growing their winter crops. Because of this great dam Egyptian farmers are able to grow a winter as well as a summer crop.



NUBIE

EGYPT

The journey down the Nile is very interesting. Our boat is sometimes near one bank of the river and sometimes near the other. There are fields and gardens and villages and everywhere people working in them. As we steam along we can see that the Nile flows down to the sea through a long narrow valley, with ranges of hills on both sides of it. Down from Central Africa, where it rains every day, the river has brought the soil which covers the floor of the valley. The Nile has made the land of Egypt; each year it waters the land. It is not surprising that the Egyptians of old used to pray to the river as to a god.

THE NILE FLOOD

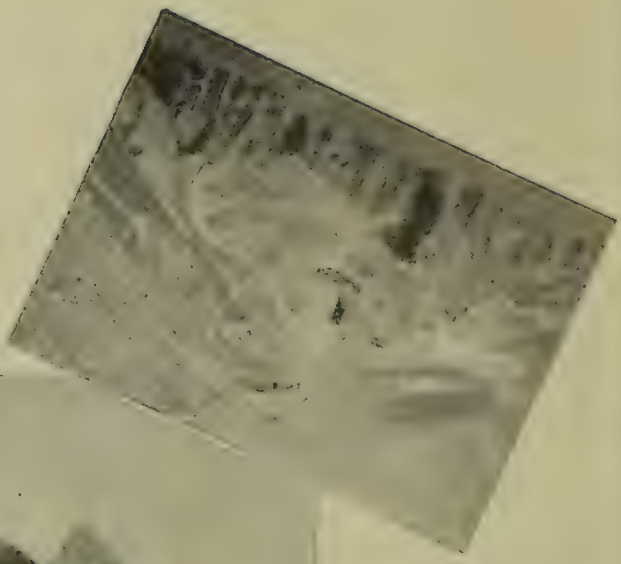
The Nile waters the land of Egypt in this way. In the centre of Africa there are two Niles, the White Nile, and the Blue Nile. At Khartoum the two Niles flow together and make one river.

The White Nile comes from the great lakes. It flows steadily; there is not much more water in it at one time of the year than there is at another.

The Blue Nile is a different kind of river. It comes down from the mountains. In early spring it rains very hard on these African mountains; it rains in torrents. The little rills and creeks swell and fill; they dash down the mountain sides; they flow together into the Blue Nile. The water in that river rises; sometimes it rises thirty or forty feet. All this water rushes down to join the White Nile. The water in the Great Nile rises higher and higher; it overflows its banks; it covers the land in the valley. The trees and houses and villages stand up out of the water like islands.



King Fuad's Palace
Cairo



King Tut's Tomb
Thebes



Sphinx and Pyramid
near Cairo



Sultan Hassan Mosque
Cairo



Nile River Steamer
Bedrechein



Publishers' Photo Service

LAND FLOODED BY THE NILE

The Nile has carried down a great deal of soil and built up a large island at its mouth. Land built up of the soil carried down by a river is called a delta. The Nile delta is low-lying. As you see in the picture, the flood-waters almost cover it.

When the flood has passed on down the river the water goes off the fields. In a few days they are dry enough to plough; then the farmer plants his crop. It needs no rain, for the land was well soaked to begin with. The crop grows well; the farmers have a sure harvest.



Canadian Pacific Railway

THE LEMONADE SELLER

AHMED AND FUAD

Ahmed and his brother, Fuad, live in Cairo. Cairo is the chief city of Egypt. It is a fine city with handsome streets and buildings, and beautiful gardens. Many people go to Cairo to spend the winter because it is warm and sunny there all winter long.

Ahmed and Fuad are Egyptian boys. They live in the

Egyptian part of Cairo; they will take us to visit their home. They lead us out of the wide streets into narrow ones.

We go first through shopping streets; they are very interesting, full of noise and bright colours. In some of the shops



The Under Secretary of State, the Foreign Office

A STREET IN CAIRO

the upper story is built out farther than the lower story; this helps to shade the street from the hot sun. Other shops have awnings, striped in bright colours, built over their doors. Some of the wooden awnings are beautifully carved.



The Under Secretary of State, the Foreign Office

IN THE BAZAARS

Cairo shops are open to the street and have many beautiful things in them. Write down the names of twenty different things which you see in this brass shop.

THE HOME OF AHMED AND FUAD

The boys turn into a quiet street with tall old houses on either side. The houses are built of small stones plastered over. Some of them are painted with blue or red or yellow stripes. There are carvings round the doorways. The first-floor windows are barred, but the upper stories have pretty balconies built out in front of them. The balconies almost touch across the street, so that the pathway below is dark and cool.

The boy's home is the fourth on the right side; and here is their mother just come home from taking their baby brother for a walk. She carries the baby perched on her shoulder.

Inside the great door we go down two steps into the hall, which is built with a turning in it so that no one from the street

can look into the inner courtyard. Ahmed leads us into the courtyard; it is large and without a roof; the doors of the rooms open out of it. Opposite us is a large room, one whole side of which is open to the court. In the centre of the room there is a flat basin, with a fountain splashing in it. The cool sound of the water is delightful after the heat of the street. A low platform runs round the room; it is covered with rugs and cushions for the guests to rest upon.



Canadian Pacific Railway

THE BOYS' FATHER AND MOTHER

IN THE COUNTRY

This morning we are to go into the country to see an Egyptian farm. Sidi will take us to visit his father's fields. Sidi is only eight years old, but he is a strong boy, and already helps his father a great deal. Sidi steps briskly, for he is a little late to-day. We must not keep him waiting.

We soon come to the farms. The canals run across the country in many directions; the only roads are along the canal banks. The fields are laid out in squares and lie lower than the canals. When it is his turn to take water, the farmer opens the sluice gate of the canal and the water runs down on his fields.

As we trot along the canal bank after Sidi we see the people



The Under Secretary of State, the Foreign Office

THRESHING WITH A NORAG

The norag is a kind of sled with twelve iron disks set in the bottom of it. When driven over the wheat spread on the threshing-floor it crushes the grain out of the straw.

working in fields on every side of us. The women and children are all busy; some of the men are ploughing with oxen; others are watering their crops; many are busy with the "fass." The "fass" is a heavy hoe with a three-foot handle. Egyptian farmers do all their cultivating with hoes. They have no other machinery.

THINGS TO DO

1. Let the boys whittle out a toy norag.
2. Let the girls plait shoulder pads for the oxen.

AN EGYPTIAN FARM

HERE is a picture of Sidi's farm. The field on this side of the canal belongs to his family; it seems to us a very small farm, for there are only five acres in it. Many Egyptian farms are smaller even than that.

Small as it is, Sidi and his family make their living off it. They work hard, ploughing and planting and hoeing. At the proper time old Father Nile sends his flood waters over it.

The flood does more than water the crops; when the water goes down it leaves a thin layer of mud on the field; in the mud germs breed and fertilise the soil. The Egyptian farmer does not need manure; this is fortunate. There is no coal in Egypt, and the people dry the manure and use it for fuel, as the people of India do.



The Under Secretary of State, the Foreign Office

PLOUGHING ON AN EGYPTIAN FARM

Sidi's father grows three kinds of crops on his land; he grows clover to feed his stock, wheat to feed his family, and cotton to sell. In the autumn he plants wheat or corn; this grows well during the warm Egyptian winter. In spring the farmer cuts his wheat and threshes it. Then he floods his land, ploughs it, and plants cotton. Cotton takes a great deal out of the land, so the next fall the farmer plants clover instead of wheat. The clover crop rests the land and fertilises it.

THE VILLAGE

Beyond the farm is the village. Egyptian farmers do not live on their farms; like the other farmers of the East, they live in villages. Sidi's village is built close to the bank of the canal; there is a clump of date palms beside it.

The houses look like boxes. Inside the high mud wall there is a small court. Behind this there are two or three rooms.



The Under Secretary of State, the Foreign Office

AN EGYPTIAN VILLAGE

The houses have flat roofs, on which the farmer piles his straw or cotton stalks.

There are no proper streets in the village; narrow alleys run between the houses. There is barely room for a camel or donkey to pass along. Sidi darts ahead to show us the village bakery. In a tiny court two women in black dresses sit patting the dough into flat cakes; another woman is washing clothes, and a third is washing vegetables in the canal. The alleys are full of hens and goats and little children. The children tumble about and romp merrily in the dust; they are dark and good-looking, but very dirty. Many of them have the sore eyes which come from being dirty.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT WORD

From the list at the bottom choose the right word to fill in each blank space.

1. The White Nile has an _____ flow of water.
2. The Blue Nile comes down in _____.
3. The Assuan Dam _____ part of the flood water.
4. They open the sluice gates in the _____.
5. The farmers lift the water to their fields by _____.
6. They spread it about through _____.

pumps even autumn flood canals saves



The Under Secretary of State, the Foreign Office

COTTON GROWING

COTTON

Cotton is the most valuable crop which they grow in Egypt. The cotton plant is a low bush with glossy green leaves and large yellow flowers, rather like a hollyhock. The flowers soon drop off; then the pods come. The pods have many small black seeds. Each seed has a long silky white hair

attached to it. When ripe this pod bursts open and the mass of white hairs fluff out.

They plant cotton in India and in the United States; but Egyptian cotton is the finest grown. Egypt seems to be the best place in the world for growing this crop, which needs a warm sun and plenty of water.

Cotton seeds are planted in April. They sow them in ridges. The plants blossom in July and the fruit ripens in September and October. During these two months the people pick the cotton. It is dried, and then sent to the gin to have the seeds taken away. The cotton is then packed in cases to be shipped.

The cotton seeds are crushed, and a useful oil is made from them. The crushed seeds are pressed into cakes, with which they feed the stock. Egypt makes a great deal of money out of her cotton.

FINISH THE STORY

Egypt is a long narrow valley which runs down through the great desert of Sahara. Egypt is really part of the desert. Yet it is a rich and fertile country, because . . .

THE PYRAMIDS

This morning we shall go to visit the pyramids and the sphinx. Egypt is a very old land. It was a civilised country for thousands of years before Christ was born. The Nile watered and fertilised the land each year, so that the people earned a living without having to work all the time. When people have some time to spare they educate themselves, and learn to make beautiful things.

The ancient Egyptians made many beautiful things. They built cities, with walls and great gateways. They built temples and palaces which they made beautiful with paintings and carvings. They built the pyramids and carved the sphinx. The cities and temples and palaces have fallen into ruins, but

the pyramids and the sphinx remain. Altogether there are about seventy pyramids.

It is so long since the pyramids were built that men had forgotten what they were for and how they were built. On examining them carefully it was learned that they are the tombs of the ancient kings of Egypt. They stand on high



Canadian Pacific Railway

THE PYRAMIDS

ground, about an hour's ride across the valley from Cairo. It is fun to go on donkeys; the donkey boys run beside us chattering to us. The largest pyramid is the tomb of King Cheops; it is four hundred and eighty feet high, and seven hundred and fifty feet square at the base.

Part of the smooth facing of one side of the pyramid has been torn away, leaving great blocks of stone like steps from three to six feet high. Boys and girls will wish to climb to the top; it is a hard climb. Half way up we pass a very stout lady, her face is red, she is puffing and panting loudly, but she is determined to go up. Some guides pull her in front, and others push her behind. We struggle on to the top, rest, and enjoy the fine view.

As we go down a gentleman explains to us how the pyramids were made. They were built in great layers, each layer a little smaller than the last. This made each face like a great staircase. When all was finished, the workmen began at the top and chipped off the steps, leaving a perfectly smooth face. It is said that it took one hundred thousand workmen thirty years to build the largest pyramid.



Canadian Pacific Railway

THE SPHINX

Find the altar between her paws. What must the sphinx once have been used for?

THE SPHINX

A FEW moments' walk brings us to the sphinx, which the Egyptians call the "Watcher of the Desert." The great stone figure has the face of a woman and the body of a lion. In spite of the fact that the nose has been broken off, the face has a pleasant expression, and the eyes gaze thoughtfully out across the desert.

The sphinx is one hundred and seventy-two feet long and fifty-six feet high; it has been cut from the solid rock and then built up with masonry.



HOLY LAND

THINGS TO DO

1. Build a pyramid with plasticine or mud. It must be square at the base; measure it carefully.

2. Having built up six layers, begin at the top and chip off the steps, leaving four smooth faces.

THE SUEZ CANAL

The Suez Canal cuts through the narrow neck of land which joins Asia to Africa. This narrow neck of land separates the Red Sea from the Mediterranean. It separates the Indian Ocean from the Atlantic. In the old days, when people wished to go in a ship from Europe to India, they had to go round the south end of Africa, a very long journey indeed.



Underwood and Underwood

IN THE SUEZ CANAL

The neck of land is seventy-two miles wide, and is covered with sand and rocks, with salt swamps and lakes. Several times during the early ages men cut a canal through this neck of land, and each time the sand drifted into the canal and slowly filled it up.

The old canal had not been used for a thousand years, when a great French engineer planned to dig a new one. His name

was De Lesseps. The canal, which is eighty-five miles long, took several years to dig. It was opened in 1869. Ships pay toll when they go through it.

Our visit to Egypt is over. We take the train from Cairo to Ismailia on the Suez Canal. Here we catch a ship which has come from Bombay to Aden, through the Red Sea, and into the canal. We steam slowly along, so that the waves we make may not wash away the mud banks of the canal. It takes eight hours to reach Port Said, at the northern end of the canal. We take on more passengers there and then steam out into the Mediterranean.

THINGS TO DO

1. Arrange these names in the order in which we met them in our journey through the desert.
2. Explain to the class what each name means.

Oasis	delta	Red Sea	camel	sudd
girba	canal	isthmus	strait	source
norag	desert	Bedouin	dam	fass

GENOA

The Mediterranean is a land-locked sea. The waves are not so great as upon the ocean. The boat does not roll so much and no one is seasick. Everyone enjoys the voyage. In three days we land at Genoa. We are now on the continent of Europe.

Genoa is a city in Italy. You will all have heard of Genoa. The greatest sailor that ever lived was born here. We sail into a fine harbour full of ships. Genoa is a great port. Much of the goods used by the people of Italy are brought to Genoa. Casks, bales, and packages are loaded on trains and sent out through the country. Other trainloads cross the Alps and are bought by the Swiss people.

The dock is swarming with small, dark, bright-eyed men and boys; they are porters. They seize our bags and trunks,



balance them on their heads, and rush off with them. They pay no attention to our cries; we must just run after them. They lead us through narrow, crooked streets, up a hill, to a very comfortable hotel.



Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

DRYING MACARONI IN ITALY

ACROSS THE ITALIAN PLAINS

At Genoa we take the train for Switzerland. The train carries us across the plain of the Po River. The country is level and we see wheat, beetroot, and even rice growing. The farms are small, and the people do most of the work by hand.

At the eastern end of the Po Valley is the city of Venice. Next time you come to Italy you must visit Venice. It is a very interesting place. The streets are all canals, and the people go about in gondolas. The gondolier stands at the end of the boat, and poles it along. Venice has many beautiful churches and palaces. We could float about for days and days and not see them all.

While we have been thinking about Venice the train has carried us into some hilly country. The hillsides are covered with olive orchards. The trees have shining green leaves, which look like silver in the sunlight. A little later we are among the Italian lakes. They are long, narrow sheets of very blue water. The little waves dance and sparkle in the sun. The shores are lined with beautiful houses, gardens, and



ITALY.



Canadian Pacific Railway

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

hotels. The hills rise in terraces of silver-leaved trees. The sun seems to laugh for joy at the beauty of it all. Thousands of people come here each year for their holidays.

THINGS TO DO

Italy has many old and beautiful cities. Find out, and write in your diary, about these four: Rome, Naples, Florence, Milan.



Swiss Federal Railways

THE ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY, WINDING BACK AND FORTH AS IT CLIMBS

SWITZERLAND

We leave the lovely lake country behind. The hills are steeper and darker. The train begins to climb, following a noisy river. We are now in Switzerland.

Switzerland is a perfect nest of mountains. There is no level land in the country except in the valleys which lie between one mountain and another. These mountains are called the Alps. The Alps are the highest of a long line of mountain ranges which stretch across Europe. Although the country is small and almost a quarter of it barren, nearly four million people make a good living in it. It will be interesting to see how they do this.

Our train keeps climbing, climbing. Here and there we get glimpses of mountain peaks with snow on them; we cross deep valleys on high bridges; we zigzag back and forth from one side of our little river to the other. We run through

tunnels cut in the mountain sides. At last we are almost at the top of the range. The brakemen go through the train putting the lights on, but they do not close the ventilators. The train pauses as if for breath, then it dives right under the mountain. It goes in on the south side and comes out on the north side. This great tunnel is called the St. Gotthard. It is more than nine miles long, but it takes only about fifteen minutes to go through it.

A PUZZLE

Look very carefully at the engine of our train, and then tell why the brakeman did not close the ventilators of our coach when we went through the tunnel.



Swiss Federal Railways

HANS AND HILDA

HANS AND HILDA

This is a picture of Hans and Hilda Lehman, the Swiss children whom we are going to visit. Their little brother's name is Ulrich. He is only six. The Lehmans live on a farm. It is hard to imagine how people can farm in Switzerland where

the fields all stand on end instead of lying down flat as ours do. They do farm though, and very well too. We shall see how they do it.

We leave the train at the station, which you see in the second picture. As there are very few people about we shall be able



Swiss Tourist Information Office

THE STATION AT WHICH WE LEAVE THE TRAIN

to take a good look at the station. It is quite different from our stations, and much prettier; we have many questions to ask the stationmaster. When we have found out about the station we take the road across the field on the right. The path goes up the hill through the woods; it is only half a mile, but it is a steep climb.

THE LEHMANS' HOUSE

Study the picture and tell:

1. What the house is built of.
2. Why it is built of that.
3. What they have done to the basement.
4. Why they have done that.
5. Why the balcony is carved.

6. Which of the family probably carved it.
7. Where the attic leads.
8. Where the door leads.
9. What kind of upstairs they have.
10. What kind of roof they have.
11. Why they have that kind of roof. (Give two reasons.)



Swiss Federal Railways

THE LEHMANS' HOUSE

12. Why they have a lid on the chimney.
13. What time of year it is. How do you know?
14. What kind of trees the blossoming ones are.
15. What rises behind the house.
16. What lies on it.
17. What comes rushing down the mountain side.
18. What will such streams do for men.
19. What they must have a great deal of in Switzerland.
20. What sport people no doubt go to Switzerland for.
21. What the grass round the fence will be used for.
22. Something we grow which they probably do not.
23. Why do the Swiss not grow it.
24. What kind of farming they probably do.
25. What kind of grain they probably grow.

THE VILLAGE

THERE is no one at home except the three children, their mother, and their uncle, who has come up from the city to help with the haying. Mr. Lehman and his eldest son have gone up into the mountains with the cows. In a day or two we shall follow them to see the hill pastures.



Swiss National Tourist Office

A SWISS VILLAGE

After a supper of bread and cheese, with honey cakes and goat's milk for dessert, Hans and Hilda take us to see the village.

It stands on the shore of a lovely lake. There is only one street, but the houses and gardens are very neat. The square-roofed building in the middle is the school. Hans and Hilda go to school only in winter; in summer they help on the farm. They speak German. All the children in this part of Switzerland speak German; the Swiss have no language of their own. Those who live on the Italian side of Switzerland speak

Italian, those who live on the French side speak French, and those who live on the German side speak German. Many Swiss boys and girls can speak all three languages.

The Swiss are a very well educated people. Hans and Hilda are carefully taught in their little school. When they are older they will go to high school. They can go to a high school where they will be taught out of books, or to one where they will learn to farm, weave, make watches, carve, paint, do embroidery, or any other kind of handwork. There are plenty of both kinds of high schools in Switzerland. If they wish to go to university they can easily do so. There are seven universities in this little country.

HAYMAKING

To-day we shall rest after our journey, and help about the farm. The Lehmans are very busy getting the hay down from the hayfield. The field is about a mile from the house; it is quite a climb up to it.

As soon as breakfast is over we all set off for the field. Uncle Bernhard cut the hay some days ago. Some of it is dry and already made up into bales. Uncle Bernhard and the boys will carry this down to the shed. Uncle Bernhard carries his bales on his back, but the boys take theirs on sleds. Meantime, Mrs. Lehman and the girls take large wooden rakes, and turn over the hay which is still lying on the ground.

In the afternoon Mrs. Lehman and Hilda go back to the house; they have cheese to make. Mrs. Lehman makes cheese from goats' milk. They have seven goats, and she has to make cheese almost every day. She sets the milk till it curdles, and then presses the curds into cheese. She puts some of her cheese away for the family to eat in the winter, the rest she sells.

After supper some of us help Hilda with the dishes, others weed the garden, or watch Uncle Bernhard and the boys milk

the goats. A tinkling bell is heard, and we all rush down to the road to see the milk boy. He comes trundling along with his cart full of cans.

Look! He has a dog to help him pull it. The dog has



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TAKING HOME THE HAY IN SWITZERLAND

harness and a little bell on his collar, which rings as he trots down the road. The women hear it and know that the milkman is coming. The dog's name is Lion. See his strong legs; isn't he a beauty?

A DAY WITH GOTTFRIED

Hans and Hilda have another brother, Gottfried. Gottfried is fourteen. He is the goatherd. A great many Swiss farmers keep goats as well as sheep and cows. Goats are very sure-footed animals; they can climb up the steepest places. They can eat coarse rough grass too; they seem to thrive on the pasture which the other animals leave. Their milk is rich and makes delicious cheese.

Early every morning Gottfried drives the goats up the



Swiss Federal Railway

SWISS EMBROIDERY



Swiss Federal Railways

WHERE THE CHEESE IS MADE

mountain side. He takes his lunch and does not come back till evening. We clamber about till we are tired; then we all sit down and watch Gottfried carve. He is carving a set of wooden chessmen. He does each figure with the greatest



Swiss Federal Railways

THE GOATHERDS

care. When they are finished he will send them to the city to be sold. He may get two dollars for them.

At noon Gottfried drives the goats to water at a pretty waterfall, which drops over the cliff. Here we find a neighbour boy with his flock of sheep. We all sit down and eat our lunch together. After lunch Gottfried and the shepherd boy tell us about the sports they like.

A GUESSING GAME

Fit the right word into the space. Each "right word" is the name of a Swiss sport.

1. As they have many streams in Switzerland, they can go .
2. As they have deep snow in winter, the Swiss can go .

3. As they have cold weather, they can .
4. As they have mountain sides, they can .
5. Strangers go to Switzerland for .

THE FÊTE DAY

THE Swiss people are fond of dancing too. They have many pretty figures which they dance on the village green in the evenings or on fête days. A fête day is like a sports day, or picnic, with us. The Swiss like sports and picnics just as much as we do. They have many festival days in the year.



Ewing Galloway

THE HERDSMEN SETTING OFF FOR THE SUMMER PASTURES WITH THEIR COWS

For everyday they wear clothes much like ours, but on fête days they dress in Swiss dress. The men wear velvet coats with gold embroidery on them. The women wear embroidery too, and lace, and beads, and quaint little caps on their heads.

One of the fête days is in May. It is for the herdsmen. The winter is over. The snow has melted from the hillsides. The grass is springing up. It is time to take the cows to the hill

pastures. The people make a fête for the herdsmen who will be gone all summer.

All the people of the countryside put on their best clothes and go to the village. They play games and dance; sometimes they have singing as well. Then the men bring the cows into the street; the women hang wreaths of leaves or flowers on their horns. The men drive the cows towards the mountain, the women and children follow in procession; it is a pretty sight. Soon the men enter the woods. They call good-bye and wave their hands. The women and children go back to their homes. They will be lonely for their men folk, but they know that they will have plenty to do taking care of the farms.



Swiss Federal Railways

THE HOUSE AT THE FIRST PASTURE

THE TWO PASTURES

Mr. Lehman and Karl, his eldest son, drove their cows up to the mountain pasture at the time of the May fête. At first the herdsmen all strode along together. On the mountain side they separated, and each man drove his cows to his own pasture. With Hans to guide us, we will follow Mr. Lehman and Karl.

It is a long, hard climb to the first pasture, but there is much to see by the way, trees and many kinds of flowers, the herdsmen's huts, and every now and then fine views of the mountains. We picnic by a brook, and in the afternoon come to the low pasture. The house is empty, the grass growing long about it. Mr. Lehman and Karl kept the cows here only three weeks; by that time the snow had melted and the grass had grown on the high pastures. Karl and his father drove the cows up to them; they wished to save the grass on the low pasture as much as they could. Uncle Bernhard will not have enough hay to winter the cows on the home farm; he will come up and cut some on the low pasture. When driving the cows home in the autumn, too, Mr. Lehman will let them graze on the low pasture as long as the weather permits.

THINGS TO DRAW

1. A Swiss house. (Why are the eaves so wide?)
2. A goat.
3. A mountain with a glacier on it.
4. A Swiss lake.

THE HIGH ALPS

After spending the night at the house in the low pasture we set out to find Karl and Mr. Lehman on the high pastures. These high pastures are called alps.

To-day's climb is steeper than yesterday's. We push upward through the trees. The trees grow fewer; soon we come to spaces without any trees. The grass about us is short but green and rich. Just above us the mountains lift their rocky sides. We have reached the alp, and must look about for Mr. Lehman and Karl.

We find them at the hut. The hut on the high alp is smaller than that at the low pasture, and it is built of stone. You can

guess why. The stone walls and floors make it cool for the milk, and Karl and his father keep it spotlessly clean.

They are busy making cheese. In the morning they milk the cows and turn them out to graze. They take care of the milk, and then begin the day's cheesemaking. The herdsmen cannot sell the milk on the mountain pastures; they cannot keep it; a few of them make butter, but most of them make cheese. They make very good cheese. The Swiss farmers sell as much as five million dollars worth of cheese in a year.



Ewing Galloway

SWISS CARRYING CHEESES

In the autumn the men carry the cheese down from the high alps in frames on their heads or backs. Sometimes the boys and girls go up to the mountain pastures to help their fathers carry down the cheese.

OTHER SWISS MILK FOODS

When we have come down from the alp Hilda takes us to see the butter factory in the village. At the door we meet two little girls carrying cream to the factory on their backs. They look so quaint and pretty that all the people who have cameras take snapshots of them.

Only about a third of the milk is used for butter and cheese in Switzerland. A great deal of it is used to make condensed milk. With the rest they make something that you like even



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ANOTHER WAY OF CARRYING THE MILK IN SWITZERLAND



Swiss Federal Railways

CLIMBERS ROPED TOGETHER



Swiss Federal Railways

IN THE BUTTER FACTORY

better than milk—milk chocolate. Swiss milk chocolate is famous all over the world. There are more than twenty factories for making it, and the Swiss people get a great deal of money for it. Next time you buy a chocolate bar look to see if it came from Switzerland.

ANOTHER KIND OF SUMMER WORK

In the evening we gather round Uncle Bernhard, who can tell exciting stories of the days when he was a guide. Switzerland is a very beautiful country, and thousands of people come every year to spend their vacations here. Many of the visitors are quiet or elderly people, who like to sit still or take short walks. For these people there are a great many fine hotels.

Other people come to climb the mountains. Mountain climbing is great sport. It is hard and dangerous work.

People who wish to climb hire a guide to show them the safest way to the top of the mountain. Uncle Bernhard was a guide till he had his foot badly crushed by a rock.

Once Uncle Bernhard had two climbers roped to him. The third man slipped over the edge of the cliff, and hung in the



Swiss Tourist Information Office

THE MATTERHORN: A FAMOUS SWISS MOUNTAIN

air. The second man was jerked off his feet and pulled almost over the edge. Luckily he caught at a point of rock and hung on. On the first jerk of the rope Uncle Bernhard threw himself behind a jutting rock. His part of the rope caught round the rock and held. Inch by inch he worked himself farther round the rock, and inch by inch the second man worked himself up over the edge, drawing the third man with him. It took Uncle Bernhard twenty minutes to get the men back. He says that they were the longest twenty minutes of his life.

WINTER WORK

In September Mr. Lehman and Karl bring the cows down from the high alp to the low pasture. In October they bring them into the cowshed. Mr. Lehman then sells his cheese and buys the warm clothes and heavy shoes which his family need for the winter. Switzerland's neighbours, Italy and Southern France, are warm. They have very little snow and no ice in winter, but Switzerland is buried deep in snow for several months.



Swiss Federal Railways

MAKING BASKETS

When the great winds come howling down the mountain sides they drift the snow up over the eaves of the house. Sometimes they have to dig a tunnel to each window, so that they may have light in the house. It is cold work going to school and taking care of the cows then.

During the long winter days and evenings Karl and Gottfried carve wooden toys, Mr. Lehman makes baskets, and Mrs. Lehman does embroidery. They sell their work and so make profit even in winter. The toys and baskets are used in Switzerland, but the embroidery is sold abroad. Swiss

embroidery is done on the finest of linen. It is very beautiful and rich people are glad to pay large sums to have it on their table linen and underclothing. Even ladies who are not rich often have handkerchiefs with Swiss handwork on them. Ask your mother or teacher to show you one.



Swiss Federal Railways

ZÜRICH, THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF SWITZERLAND

A SWISS CITY

We have paid the Lehmans a long visit. We must be off or we shall wear out our welcome. They have been very, very kind to us, and we shall never forget them. We promise to send them post cards of the prairie wheat fields and of the Rocky Mountains. They come to see us off on the train for Zürich.

At first we miss Hilda and Hans and little Ulrich, but there are so many interesting things to see in Zürich that we shall not be lonely long. Zürich is a beautiful city. For a day or two we are content to walk about the streets and along the country roads beyond. The city lies in the bottom of the valley, along the shores of Lake Zürich. There are vineyards on the sunny slopes. Each year tons of grapes are gathered to make wine.

Then we must go to see the silk mills. There are a number of large ones in Zürich. In the city and country round about many handlooms are used to weave silk. Silkworms are bred in Southern Switzerland, but much of the raw silk is imported. Zürich silk is famous, and Zürich silk ribbons are considered to be the best in the world. In Canada we get a great deal of our silk from Switzerland. Perhaps some of the shining lengths



Swiss Federal Railways

SWISS POTTERS AT WORK

we see in the looms here will go to be sold in the store in your town.

Watchmaking is another interesting work which the Swiss do. They make the best watches and clocks in the world, and have been doing so for centuries. In the old days the watches and clocks were made by men who worked in their homes; now most of them are made in factories.

In the factories we find the machines being run by electricity, and remember that the trains are run in the same way. Hundreds of brooks and streams run down the sides of the Alps. In the old days the water itself was used to turn the wheels of the mills. Now the water power is turned into electricity.

As they have so much electric power to use, the Swiss make engines and machines of all kinds. The famous Diesel engines are made in Switzerland.



Swiss National Tourist Office

SWISS STREAM RUNNING AWAY FROM THE END OF A GLACIER

THINGS TO DO

1. Beginning at the top, name every object in the glacier picture.
2. Point to the source of the stream.
3. Find an island in the stream.
4. Find a tiny bay. Find a cape.
5. Tell what the stream must carry.
6. Tell what the train will be saying.



Swiss National Tourist Office

SWISS GIRLS IN NATIONAL COSTUME

WINTER SPORTS

SWITZERLAND is a delightful place to go for a winter holiday. There is plenty of snow for snow-shoeing and ski-ing, plenty of ice for skating, and any number of mountains ready to be used as toboggan slides. Swiss boys and girls are taught ski-ing, skating, and hockey at school, and they excel in these sports.

The countries round about are much warmer than Switzerland. As they cannot have winter sports at home the young people from these countries flock to Switzerland in the winter. They have carnivals and tournaments and skating fêtes. In this way Switzerland is as gay in winter as in summer.

A CROSSING-OUT GAME

Cross out the wrong word in each of these sentences:

1. Switzerland is in Europe Asia.
2. It is east south of Italy.

3. To reach it we came south north from Egypt.
4. We crossed the Red Mediterranean Sea.
5. Switzerland is a large small country.
6. It is a hot high country.
7. It is a fertile poor country.
8. The people are dairy fox farmers.
9. Switzerland has many few streams.
10. It has, therefore, much little electric power.
11. It has, therefore, many few factories.
12. It is called the playground battleground of Europe.



Swiss Federal Railways

GENEVA

GENEVA

We have one more visit to pay before we leave Switzerland. We must go to Geneva. Geneva is the city where the League of Nations holds its meetings. The League of Nations is a very large committee of men. The different nations appoint members to act on this committee; small nations send one member, large nations send several. Canada has a representative in the League of Nations.

The League holds meetings; the members talk over any cause of trouble there may be. Each member stands up for

his own country. They try to settle the trouble without going to war.

When the League was first formed the countries chose to hold the meetings in Switzerland; they did this because Switzerland is central, and because it is a neutral nation. Switzerland is so small a country that no other nation would attack it; they would be ashamed to do so. Switzerland does not quarrel and it does not take sides in quarrels. It just goes on working and minding its own business. Because of this it is called a neutral nation.

The Swiss people are proud to have the League of Nations meet in their country. Geneva is a beautiful old city, and many of its finest buildings have been given up to the League and its members.

DOWN THE RHINE

From Geneva we take the train to Basle, a city in the north of Switzerland. Here we shall get a boat which will take us down the Rhine. The Rhine is a great river which has its source among the Alps not far from the north end of the St. Gotthard Tunnel. It flows round the eastern and northern sides of Switzerland to Basle; there it strikes off north-eastward towards the sea.

Our boat carries us from the upper part of the Rhine towards its mouth. For the first few hours of our journey we sail between two countries. Farther north the Rhine runs through Germany. It is a pretty country. The river runs in a wide level valley with distant mountains on both sides. We sail past woods and fields with cattle grazing in them. Dotted about the valley floor are pretty towns with church spires rising from among fruit trees. We see hops and grapes and tobacco growing; there are a good many grain fields too.

Next morning, when we go on deck, we find the scenery

quite changed. The mountains stand close to the river bank on each side. There is very little room for fields. In many places the people have terraced the sides of the mountains, and planted vineyards and gardens on them. Every now and then we pass an ancient castle built high up on a steep rock. Many of these castles were built a thousand years ago by the robber barons. The barons caroused with their friends by night, and by day they sallied forth to rob the rich merchants who passed up and down the river. Some of the castles are still used, others are in ruins; in either case they are beautiful. Many people, when taking a holiday, sail up and down the Rhine just to enjoy the scenery.



Swiss Federal Railways

GATHERING GRAPES TO MAKE WINE, NEAR GENEVA

In the evening we leave the mountains behind. The river runs through low lands and we pass many towns and cities with boats coming and going about their wharves. Four hundred miles from Switzerland we come to the land which the River Rhine has built up; it has built it up by carrying sand and soil down from the Alps. As long as the river runs swiftly it can carry the sand with it; when it reaches the sea and stops running it drops the sand. This sand piles up, making a stretch of low, level land which is called a delta. The Rhine has built up a large delta. It divides into two streams, one flowing on each side of the delta. Our boat follows the southern stream which is called the Waal.



Swiss National Tourist Office

A RUINED CASTLE

THINGS TO DO

1. Find the road in the picture.
2. Notice what kind of road it is.
3. Tell why many people would like to drive in such wild country.

JOLLY THINGS TO DO (NOT LESSONS)

1. Make the Rhine River system on your sand table.
2. Make a robber castle.
3. Make a play in which the robber baron attacks a band of merchants.
4. Tell what the merchants would be taking up the river in their boats.
5. Make the speeches for each actor.
6. Tell what the robbers would wear.
7. Tell what the merchants would wear.



N. V. Vereenigde Fotobureaux

THE NETHERLANDS

THE NETHERLANDS

We are now in the lowest country in Europe. The lowest parts of other countries are a little above the sea, but two-thirds of this country is below the level of the sea. We call this strange country Holland, but the people who live there call it the Netherlands. "Nether" means "low" in their language.

You are eager to find out how the Netherlanders can live below the level of the sea and not be drowned. Watch and you shall see how they do it. As we pass along the Waal we see low sandhills on our left and flat meadows on our right. Look on the right; see the wall between the river and the meadow; it is a strong broad wall; a road runs along the top of it. You can see that the people have built it to keep the river from flooding the meadows. These walls are called dikes.

The eastern part of Holland is higher and drier. It has hills and woods; but all the north-western part lies below the level of the sea. Along the shore run lines of sand dunes which keep the sea back. The Dutch people have spent vast sums of money strengthening the sand dunes with concrete, and building dikes between them. The sea fights continually against this brave little country. If it were not for the dunes and the dikes the sea would sweep over and drown it completely.

TWO EXPLANATIONS

1. Explain how the Alps have helped to make Holland.
2. Explain how the Alps have helped to make the Great Desert.

THE DIKES

If we were to take a sailing boat down the Rhine to its mouth, and then northward along the coast of the Netherlands, we should see some of the great sea-facing dikes. They look very strong. It does not seem possible that the sea should burst through them; it sometimes does though.



Publishers' Photo Service

A DUTCH DIKE

Day and night the dikes are watched. One of the most important kinds of work a Dutch boy can take up is dike guarding. There are many guards, and they are carefully trained. In stormy weather men and women, boys and girls, go out to help watch the weak places. If the sea threatens

to burst through, the dike guard can take anything he needs to strengthen the dike. He can take wagons or bricks or wood, and if the danger is very serious all the people have to leave their houses and go to a higher place.

It costs the Dutch people a great deal to keep up the dikes, but they keep them up bravely and often build new ones. The new ones are built to keep the sea out of another little piece of the country. When the dike has been raised these hardworking people drain the land behind it, and soon make fine farm land out of it.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

1. Could the Dutch people get the stone for the dikes in their country? How do you know?
2. Could they get the great timbers? How do you know?
3. How would these facts affect the cost of building and keeping up the dikes?

DUTCH FISHERMEN

As Holland lies beside the sea and has so much water in it, it is not surprising that many of the Dutch people are fisherfolk.

In western Holland there are many villages from which the men go out to fish. Some of them use small boats, and go out only a little way from the shore; others have larger boats, which they take out into the North Sea, where there are some of the finest fishing grounds in the world. These men stay out for weeks at a time, and bring back boat-loads of herring, cod, and other fish. Some of the fish is sold fresh but much of it is salted and dried for sale.

The fishermen need many things to help them in their work. In the sea-coast towns we find men building boats and making rope, nets, and sails; others earn their living by cleaning and preparing the fish. In some of these towns there are schools in which boys learn to be good fishermen.



Dr. M. de Hartogh Vereeniging Nederland in den Vreemde

CHILDREN OF A FISHING VILLAGE

STUDY THE PICTURE

1. To what kind of families do these children belong?
2. What kind of houses have they?
3. What kind of boats are these?
4. What kind of shoes are the children wearing?
5. What kind of skirts have the little girls?
6. What kind of trousers have the little boys?
7. What kind of caps have they on?
8. Have they many or few clothes on?
9. Of what are their clothes chiefly made?
10. What do the little girls aprons tell you about them?
11. Are these children tall or short?
12. Do they look healthy? Do they look happy?
13. Where do these children play?
14. What do they play with?



Dr. M. de Hartogh Vereeniging Nederland in den Vreemde

ROTTERDAM HARBOUR FROM THE AIR

ROTTERDAM

Just before we reach the mouth of the Rhine we come to Rotterdam. Rotterdam is a great port, and the second largest city in Holland; it is only a little way from the sea. Ocean steamers can sail up the Rhine as far as Rotterdam, but no farther.

As our boat draws near the city, we see that it lies on low level land, spreading out on both sides of the river. Along the river there are twenty-five miles of docks, with hundreds of ships lying by them. There are barges and small steamers, which have brought goods down the river. At Rotterdam they unload their cargoes, which are put on great ships to be carried across the ocean. The goods which the ships have brought are put on the river boats to be carried upstream.

Along the shore there are tall elevators, and huge cranes for lifting the heavy goods. There are great dry docks where ships are being built or repaired; seven thousand men work in them. Along the waterside runs a pleasant street shaded by beautiful elm trees; this street is called the "Boompjes." "Boompjes" means "little trees." The street was given this name three hundred years ago when the trees were planted; they long ago grew into big trees, but the street is still called "Little Trees."

A COMPETITION

Study the picture on page 175 and see which pupil can tell:

1. Where this picture was taken from.
2. What kind of bridge that is.
3. The names of the most kinds of buildings, boats, vehicles, goods.

THE CANALS

From Rotterdam we shall take a canal boat northward, through the Netherlands. The canals run through the country in all directions; one can go almost anywhere on them.

Our boat is a broad low barge, painted bright blue. It has a little deckhouse, with a tiny cabin. The cabin is like a doll's house. It has a little table and benches and tiny windows with white curtains. There is a flower in a pot in each window. Everything is very clean; the bargeman's wife scrubs the deckhouse both inside and outside.

The barge is run by a motor, and we move briskly along a wide canal. Across the level fields on each side of us we see scattered windmills; they wave their great sails at us as if to welcome us to Holland. Small canals cross the fields or wind among them. Each one has a white ribbon of road stretching along the dike top beside it. We pass farmhouses and a small town where the farmers are loading turnips.

An hour later a new watermill looms up against the sky. It stands beside a river which runs between the dikes towards the sea. The dikes rise high above the meadows; the river itself is above the level of the fields. That is why the great



N.V. Vereenigde Fotobureaux

BARGE LOADING TURNIPS ON DUTCH CANAL

water mill is needed. In winter the river freezes. Then, if mild weather comes suddenly, the ice piles up, damming the lower reaches. The water floods the fields for miles, destroying houses and crops. The new watermill will keep this from happening. When the ice dams the river the mill pumps the water out into waste canals which carry it safely off.

POLDER LAND

Much of the land through which we are now passing is polder land. Long ago all these fields were covered with swamps. As the boys and girls of Holland kept growing up, more land was needed for farms. The people built a dike round a part of the swamp.



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A BEE-FARM IN HOLLAND

Then they dug ditches across the swamp; the water drained off the land and ran into the ditches. The small ditches drained into a larger one which ran all round the field just inside the dike. The next step was to get the water from the ditch to the outside of the dike. They built windmills to lift it out.

The windmills were like those you see in the picture on page 171. Dutch windmills have four arms, each one made of strips of wood with long pieces of cloth fastened to them. When the wind blows against the sails it turns the arms of the mill round. The arms turn the water-wheel which lifts the water from the ditch over the dike.

When the windmill had pumped all the water off the land, the farmers ploughed and worked it, making it fit for pastures and gardens. Of course, when the wind stopped blowing the mill stopped pumping, and the fields were flooded again. Luckily the wind blows most of the time in Holland.

Bit by bit the Dutch farmers drained the swamps and shallow lakes of their country. Nowadays they have steam or gas or electric pumping stations, as well as the windmills, to lift the water from the little canal to the large one outside the dike. There are thousands of acres of this polder land in Holland to-day.



Publishers' Photo Service

THE WATER-MAID IN A DUTCH VILLAGE

THE VILLAGE

At last we come to the village where we are to leave the boat. It has just one street, which runs along a small canal. The houses are plain and look very clean. They ought to look clean; early every morning the little maids come out with pail and mop and squirt-gun. They use the squirt-gun to

wash the windows and the front of the house. Then they scrub the doorstep, the veranda, and the street in front of the house. All the shaking of rugs must be finished by a certain hour; that is the law in Holland. When the policeman comes along all must be quiet and tidy.

A DUTCH HOUSE

Dutch houses are usually built of brick. They are often covered with a thin layer of plaster. They have steep roofs, and some of them have verandas. We go through the door directly into the "front house" or living room. In the houses of rich people the front house is a large and handsome room; poorer people have a plain room with whitewashed walls and brick floors covered with sand. Here they eat and sew, sit, and receive their friends.

A narrow hall runs from the "front house," past the kitchen and store rooms, to the courtyard at the back. The stair goes up from the front house or from the kitchen.

Although there is so much water in Holland, in the small villages there is no running water, and all the water for use in the kitchen and bedrooms is carried from the pump in the village square. It makes a good deal of work for the Dutch women, but they are so proud of their spotless houses that they do not mind.

JAN AND TRUITJE

Leaving the village by the road which runs along the top of the dike we set out across the polder to visit Jan and Truitje. It is a delightful walk. Daisies and buttercups and scarlet poppies grow thickly along the edge of the dike. The ditches divide the polder into great green squares. There are farm-

houses, with little groups of trees about them, and windmills, tall against the sky.

Jan and Truitje live on a farm. They are waiting for us at the end of the tiny bridge which crosses the canal between their house and the dike. At first they are a little shy, but we soon make friends, and they run ahead to show us about their farm.



Underwood and Underwood

In this picture you see Jan and Truitje on their way to school in the winter. They skate down the canal to the village, carrying their wooden shoes in their hands.

COMPLETE THE STORY

Complete the story by fitting a suitable word into each blank space.

This photograph was taken in the time. Jan and Truitje are on their way to . They have down the to the village. They are excellent , they learned to almost as soon as they learned to . Their skates are made of . They are fastened on with . The ice on the is smooth, for very little has fallen. It is not very weather and Jan and Truitje wear no . They carry their to put on when they reach the . Jan also carries a under his arm. In school they have the same as you have.

THE FARM

The farm-house is a long, low, brick building with a kitchen at one end and two neat barns beyond. There is a tiny vegetable garden in front of the house, and the sweet smell of freshly cut hay comes to us from behind it.



N.V. Vereenigde Fotobureaux

RAKING HAY ON DUTCH FARM

Jan and Truitje lead us toward the barn where their father is stacking hay. He has made a large square stack between the two barns. The stack has a peaked, four-sided roof of thatch over it. The roof is fastened at the corners to four poles. When Mr. Hals wishes to make the stack higher he raises the roof.

Mr. Hals is a broad-shouldered man with merry blue eyes. He is too busy to come down, but he calls a welcome to us. The hay crop is good; Jan tells us they have cut enough to feed the twenty cows all winter. Dutch farmers use mowers and horse rakes just as we do. The hay has been cut some days. Mr. Hals has already stacked a good deal, but there is still some drying in the field. Mrs. Hals is turning it over with the

horse rake. She is a pretty woman, with rosy cheeks and eyes like blue flowers.

"You must take them to see Anna," says Mrs. Hals, shaking hands with us, "and then bring them back to supper."

Jan runs ahead to open the gate, and Truitje leads the way into the pasture. There are twenty cows grazing there; they are of the black and white breed for which Holland is famous.



Publishers' Photo Service

THE CHEESE MARKET AT ALKMAAR

Dutch farmers breed their cattle very carefully; and cattle breeders come from all parts of the world to buy cattle at the Dutch cattle markets. They take them home to improve their own stock.

"This is Anna," says Jan, patting the shining black side of the nearest cow proudly. "She is a daughter of the famous Anna VI. Last year she gave more than two thousand pounds of milk. We could get a great deal of money for her, but father would not sell her.

THE DAIRY OF ENGLAND

"We are called the dairy of England, you know," says Truitje, opening the cheese-room door. "The Netherlands sell millions of pounds of butter and cheese each year, and most of it goes to England."

The cheese-room is dark and cool. In it there are dozens of round balls of cheese. Mrs. Hals and Truitje make eight or ten every day. When new the cheeses are soft; they are kept in the cheese-room till they are firm and ripe.



Underwood and Underwood

THE MILKWOMAN IN A DUTCH VILLAGE

"Friday is market day," explains Jan. "Every Friday father and I take a dozen cheeses to the market at Alkmaar."

"You must make a great deal of money," remarks someone, sniffing hungrily.

"We need a great deal," laughs Truitje. "We have to buy flour you know. Some of our flour comes from Canada."

"Does it really?" pipes a voice, which is hastily hushed. We must not let Jan and Truitje think that we know less about our country than they do about theirs.

"We have to buy manure too," adds Jan. "It is expensive, and we need a good deal."

"It was very hard during the war," says Truitje. "Jan and I were babies then, but mother often tells us about it. We could not get flour, for the ships were too busy to bring

it to us. We could not get manure to fertilise our own land. We had very little to eat."

"Supper," calls Mrs. Hals, and we all troop into the kitchen and gather round the long table. The table is covered with a cloth of heavy linen, which has been smoothed, but not ironed. There is a dish of eels for supper, with plates of bread and butter, cheese to be sliced thin, and a tart made with fruit and sour cream. Everyone drinks milk.

After supper the cows are milked; Jan and Truitje milk four or five each. We are proud to show that Canadians understand farm work. Several of our party go to help with the milking, while the others tidy the kitchen for Mrs. Hals. Everything is so very clean that we are almost afraid she will not be pleased with our work, but we do the best we can. Then we set off with Jan, who takes the milk to his customers in the village, where we are to spend the night.

FOUR RIDDLES

What is the difference between:

1. A source and a delta.
2. A dike and a windmill.
3. A canal and a polder.
4. A Dutch cheese and a Swiss cheese.

A BULB FARM

Next morning we are all astir early, for Jan and Truitje are going to take us to visit their aunt and uncle, who have a bulb farm near Haarlem. It is not far to Haarlem. Holland is a small country; one can get from one end of it to the other in a day.

We breakfast early, and take the canal boat from the village to the nearest town. Here we get a train for Haarlem.

About eleven o'clock Jan, who has been watching, calls to us to look. We are passing a bulb farm. There is a field full of tulips, all one colour, a beautiful dark red. Then comes a field of daffodils, then white narcissus.

"O the flowers! the flowers!" shriek all the little girls.

"We don't grow them for the flowers," laughs Jan.

"Here we are," cries Truitje, and we get down at the village.



Ewing Galloway

THE TULIP FIELD

Just behind it a large red house stands beside a canal bordered with cherry-trees.

"There is uncle's new windmill," says Jan, as we make our way towards the house. "It was built only this spring. He has eight windmills now."

The red farm-house is empty; everyone is at work in the fields. We pass round it and find ourselves looking out over a whole field of hyacinths, white, pink, and blue. Between us and the field lies a small canal with a row of flat-bottomed boats on it. The boats are already half full of flowers. As we watch, a boy comes towards us with a basket full of flowers on his head. He empties the basket into the boat and stalks off across the field again.

"They are cutting the flowers so that the bulbs will develop well," explains Truitje. "Uncle sells bulbs by the thousand.

His hyacinth bulbs are famous. Many of them are sold in Canada."

"Will he let us pick the flowers?" inquires one of our party breathlessly.

"Yes, indeed; come, there he is. We must ask him."



N.V. Vereenigde Fotobureaux

THE CATTLE MARKET

The excited Canadians are allowed to pick hyacinths all afternoon, and find that even picking flowers can be hard work. It is a tired party which says good-bye to Jan and Truitje, and boards the electric train which runs past the house to Amsterdam.

"Why do they grow bulbs here and not in other parts of Holland?" asks one of the boys as we flash through the perfumed fields.

"This part of Holland was once the sandy bed of a lake," answers a friendly passenger. "The farmers pumped away



Dr. M. de Hartogh Vereeniging Nederland in den Vreemde

IN THE DIAMOND-CUTTING FACTORY

the water, and now there is no soil anywhere so good for growing bulbs.

Even as he speaks, the car runs in among the market gardens which surround the great city of Amsterdam. On every side of us we see cabbages, cauliflowers, cucumbers, celery, tomatoes, and many other kinds of vegetables. The Dutch grow hundreds of tons of potatoes to be sold abroad, but most of these vegetables will be used in the towns and cities of Holland.

A few minutes later we are leaving the station in Amsterdam,

the largest city in Holland. Amsterdam is often called the Venice of Holland. A river runs along one side of the city, which is laid out in semicircular canals and streets. Each canal begins in the river, forms a half circle, and ends in the river. Amsterdam has been rich and great for centuries. It was once the most important city in Europe. We walk through quaint streets, lined with fine churches and splendid old mansions, to the wharves crowded with ships from all parts of the world.

One canal runs from Amsterdam to the Rhine; another connects the city with the North Sea. The North Sea canal is one hundred and sixty-five feet wide, thirty-one feet deep, and is lighted with electricity. Near the wharves are tall warehouses full of tobacco, cocoa, sugar, coffee, spices, and a thousand other kinds of goods.

THE RYKS MUSEUM

This morning we shall go to see the Ryks Museum, a famous picture gallery. There have been many famous artists among the Dutch people, and many great pictures have been painted by them. Some of the most beautiful are to be seen in the Ryks.

We pass through rooms full of fine old furniture, beautiful china, models of ships, toys of long ago, and come at last to the picture galleries. Hanging alone at the end of one of the rooms is the picture called the "Night Watch." It is one of the most beautiful pictures in the world. The "Night Watch" was painted by the great Dutch artist, Rembrandt. There are many other Rembrandt pictures in the Ryks. There are pictures by hundreds of other artists. Though we stayed the whole day we should not be able to see them all. We cannot do that for our time in Holland is growing short.

In the afternoon we go to see the diamond cutters at work. Diamonds are not found in Holland; they are dug out of the ground in South Africa and in some other parts of the

world. When found they look like small dirty stones. The diamond is a very hard stone. It will cut other stones and metals, but no other stone or metal will cut it. More than five hundred years ago a Venetian jeweller found out that he could polish diamonds by rubbing them together. Nowadays many of the diamonds found in the world are sent to Amsterdam to be cut and polished. There are about thirty diamond-cutting factories in Amsterdam.

THE ZUIDER ZEE

The Zuider Zee is a great shallow bay which the sea has pushed into the north-east shore of Holland. The salt water covers a great deal of land which was once fertile. The Dutch have been so successful in draining and tilling the salt lakes and marshes in other parts of their country that they are planning to reclaim the Zuider Zee itself.

This will be a very great piece of work, and will cost a mint of money, but the Dutch people are not in the least daunted by that. An enclosing dike will be built across the narrow mouth of the Zuider Zee, and then the Zee itself will be drained. The work has been going on steadily since 1919, and within the next few years Holland will have a handsome new province to parcel out among her farmers.

PUSH BALL

In winter Dutch boys and girls have a great deal of skating and ice-boating. In summer they play tennis and football. Some of them are fond of push ball. Push ball is played with a very large ball on a field somewhat like a football field. Each side has eight players, four in front and four behind. If the ball is pushed over the line it counts two points; if between the goal posts, four points. After each score the players begin again, the losers being allowed to push.



N.V. Vereenigde Fotobureaux

PUSH BALL

A TRUE–FALSE GAME

Read the sentences carefully and think whether they are true or false. Cross out the word which describes each sentence wrongly.

1. Holland is north-west of Switzerland. True. False.
2. Holland is a large country. True. False.
3. It is the lowest country in Europe. True. False.
4. The delta of the Rhine is part of Holland. True. False.
5. The sea protects Holland. True. False.
6. They build dikes to keep the sea out of Holland. True. False.
7. The Dutch have few canals. True. False.
8. They have few windmills. True. False.
9. They grow cotton in Holland. True. False.
10. They raise fine cattle there. True. False.
11. Their cheese is famous. True. False.
12. They grow tulips for the flowers. True. False.
13. They mine diamonds in Holland. True. False.
14. They grow polders in Holland. True. False.
15. The Zuider Zee is a river. True. False.
16. Dutch windmills have four arms. True. False.



Norwegian Government Railways

BERGEN

Notice the fish drying on the rocks.

NORWAY

At Amsterdam we take ship for the port of Bergen, in Norway. We are leaving the lowest country in Europe to visit one of the highest. Like Switzerland, Norway is covered almost all over by mountains, although the Norwegian mountains are not so high as the Alps.

We have seen how the River Rhine has carried soil down from the Alps and has slowly built its plain out into the sea. Just the opposite has happened in Norway. It was once a much larger country than it is now. It stretched out into the Atlantic Ocean towards America, but ages ago its low land sank beneath the sea, leaving only the mountainous part above the waves. The mountainous part juts out in a long tongue from the northern part of Europe. One can sail almost all the way round it.[1]

There is another way in which Norway is just the opposite

[1] What is such a piece of land called?

of the Netherlands. Holland is a small country, but a great many people live in it. The houses and farms are close together. Norway is much larger, but it has only a few people. Its farms are as far apart as ours are in Canada.[1]

Our ship steams northward out of the North Sea and into the Atlantic Ocean. On the third morning we find ourselves among a host of little islands. Some of them are bare rocks, others have a few trees. These islands are called skerries. There are thousands of them along the west coast of Norway. They guard the coast from the storms of the Atlantic. The water inside the skerry guard is calm.[2] Even small boats are quite safe on it.

BERGEN

Crossing the quiet water our ship sails into a long narrow bay with steep mountain walls on both sides. Fir woods cover the lower parts of the mountains, but the upper parts are bare and rocky. As we approach the head of the bay red roofs peer at us through a grey veil of rain.

Bergen is one of the two large cities of Norway. It is very old. The Vikings, in their swan-necked ships, sailed out of Bergen a thousand years ago. The city is built on a peninsula and has a fine deep-water basin for ships on each side of it. In the background steep streets climb the mountain side. The harbour and wharves are alive with boats of all sizes. Our ship docks. It has stopped raining, but we must take our umbrellas ashore with us for Bergen is one of the wettest cities in the world.

The narrow streets are very clean; the rain sees to that. And the Norwegians are almost as fond of scrubbing as the Dutch. The houses are wooden, and most of them have high pointed roofs. Many of them are apartment houses. The people

[1] Why are Norwegian farms far apart? [2] Why is it calm?



Norwegian Government Railways

CLEANING FISH

we meet are tall, fair-haired, and blue-eyed. Like the Swiss and Dutch, they dress just as we do.

As we walk through the streets we see fishermen, and men making boats and nets and sails and rope for the fishermen. We see men cleaning fish, and women packing them. Bergen exports a great deal of fish, fresh to England, and salted or dried to more distant parts of the world.

BOYS AND GIRLS

In spite of the grey rain we feel at home in Bergen, for the streets are full of boys and girls. They take up all the narrow ways with their games and come shouting at us round every corner. The older people smile and stand out of the way. When the children grow up they will have to work hard to earn a living in this mountainous land; they must have all the fun they can while they are young.

Indeed, Norway is a children's paradise. In summer they paddle and bathe and swim and row all day long. In winter there is sleighing and skating and the finest ski-ing in the world. Games go on till eight o'clock, when the curfew bell sends all the youngsters skurrying home. In Norway, holidays last three weeks at Christmas, a week at Easter, and seven



Norwegian Government Railways

SKI-ING

weeks in the summer. When these are over Norwegian boys and girls are as busy in school as we are. Their schools are among the finest in the world. All books are free, and poor children are given baths and hot dinners. The boys and girls go to school five hours a day, and are taught the same subjects as we are.

FIVE RIDDLES

1. In what way is Norway like Switzerland?
2. In what way is Bergen like Yokohama?
3. In what way are the Norwegians like the Swiss and Dutch?
4. In what way are the Norwegian women like the Dutch women?
5. In what way are Norwegian children like Canadian children?

A JOURNEY UP THE COAST

To reach Sonja's home we take a ship northward up the coast of Norway; we steam along briskly in the quiet waters behind the skerry guard. The scenery is magnificent; in most places the mountains rise straight up from the water's edge. Although it is summer, patches of snow lie about their peaks. Beautiful waterfalls tumble over the cliffs into the sea, and glaciers push out their tongues at us. A glacier is a river of ice which flows slowly down a mountain side; the front part of the glacier is called its tongue.

We are now almost as far north as we were when we visited Chesterfield Inlet, yet the air is warm and damp It rains a great deal. The towns and villages which we pass have beautiful gardens. Malde is called the City of Roses, because it has so many flowers.

We are surprised to find this far northland so warm. It is kept warm by the Gulf Stream. The Gulf Stream is a great river of warm water. It begins far away to the south in the Gulf of Mexico. It flows through the ocean northward along the east coast of America. Off the east coast of Canada a cold current from the Arctic Ocean meets the Gulf Stream, and drives it across the Atlantic Ocean to England and Norway. The Gulf Stream strikes upon the shores of Norway, making them warm and wet. Even in winter the towns past which we are sailing have mild damp weather.

A GAME OF ADDING NAMES

Add to each of these sentences the name which will complete it.

1. A glacier is a river of
2. Its front part is called its
3. It rolls slowly down the
4. We saw glaciers in
5. We have glaciers in Canada in the
6. The Gulf Stream is a river of

7. It comes from the
8. It flows north past
9. It is forced to cross the
10. It warms the coast of

THE FIORD

Very often we pass narrow lanes of water which lie between the mountains. These water lanes are called fiords. Many of the fiords run far back into the land; they join one another and make a network of waterways among the mountains.



Ewing Galloway

A NORWEGIAN FIORD

The fiords are the drowned valleys of the old continent. When the land sank the sea filled the valleys with water.

In the morning it is raining, a soft warm rain. Our boat turns into a fiord. At its mouth we pass a little town bright

with flowers and trees. All day we steam between the mountain walls. Sometimes the fiord is quite narrow and we can see the little farms clinging to the steep shores. We race to see who can count the most waterfalls. The rain has stopped; the air feels dry and close. In the afternoon we reach the head of the fiord. Here there is a space of level land, a village, and the hotel at which we are to stay.

THE VILLAGE

The village is small, but the houses are well built and comfortable looking. They are built of wood. We are amazed to find that even the poorest huts have telephones and are lighted with electric light. We ask our host at the hotel about it, and he points to the lovely waterfall foaming over the cliff a mile away. We remember that this morning we counted waterfalls till we were tired. As Norway has so many waterfalls she has a great deal of electric power.[1] There is enough power in Norway to run all the factories in Europe.

THE FARM

Early next morning Sonja comes to take us to breakfast at the farm. Sonja is a bright-faced girl of twelve. Her thick yellow hair hangs in long plaits. She has put on her embroidered skirt and has her sleeveless jacket over her white blouse. Our Hedda introduces her cousin with pride. We have been looking forward to meeting Sonja for a long time, and there is a great deal of handshaking.

Sonja and Hedda chatter away gaily as we walk to the farm. It is not far, and we are soon in sight of the white house and

[1] Find out how they make electric power from waterfalls.

long barn. We pass a small field of green oats and two large hayfields from which the hay has already been cut.

The house is built over a cellar blasted out of the rock. It stands on a stone foundation three feet high. The walls are of stout logs, stuffed with moss, and boarded over both inside and outside. The barns, too, are built warmly.



Norwegian Government Railways

A NORWEGIAN FARM

Sonja's mother is waiting at the door to welcome us. She takes us into a large room with beautiful old furniture in it. For breakfast there is whey soup, fish or bacon with flat bread, and delicious coffee. Sonja's people have four meals each day. They eat porridge and milk at noon, a meal of fish or meat about four o'clock, and porridge or smorrebrod at eight. They are very fond of coffee and drink it, with cheese sandwiches, at any time of the day.

NORWEGIAN CROPS

We find no one about the house except Sonja and her mother. Her father and elder brother, Thorwald, are hoeing the potatoes. Potatoes are the most important crop grown on a Norwegian farm. With plenty of potatoes in the stabur and fish to hand in the fiord, the family need not go hungry.



Norwegian Government Railways

MAKING HAY

The younger children are herding the goats on the rocky ground behind the house. We find them sitting in the sun playing with the kids. The goats clamber about among the rocks, and pick a good living where other animals would go hungry. They have white silky hair, which is spun into strong thread. But Sonja's father keeps his flock of goats mainly for their milk. Goat's milk is very nourishing. Out of the milk left over cheese is made. Goat's-milk cheese is dark-coloured and strong.

After a game with the goatherds we climb up the hills to the hay fields. Here among the rocks are small patches of grass. Hay is so valuable in Norway that even the tufts between the stones are taken. Very few Norwegian farmers have mowers or binders.[1] In most places they cut their crops with the sickle or the scythe. When cut the hay is hung up to dry on the wire fence or on rocks. This is done so that the wind may blow through it and help the sun to dry it quickly.

AT THE SAETER

The saeter is the mountain pasture. Like the Swiss, Norwegian farmers have to make enough hay to feed their cows in the barn through the winter. Very carefully they collect and store the hay from the fields. To save this hay they drive their cows

[1] Why do they not use mowers?

to the pastures high up among the mountains for the summer. Each Norwegian farmer has a saeter.

Early in June, when the snows have melted and the grass has grown, Magnhild and Rolf, Sonja's eldest sister and younger brother, drive the cows to the saeter. They keep them there all summer. They have a neat log shack. Each morning Magnhild rises early and milks the cows. Then Rolf drives them off to pasture, while Magnhild sets about her butter and cheese making. The butter and cheese is carried down to the storehouse and packed away for winter use.



Norwegian Government Railways

MAGNHILD AND SONJA MAKING CHEESE AT THE SAETER, OR HIGH PASTURE

FIVE MORE RIDDLES

What is the difference between:

1. A skerry and a herring?
2. A peninsula and an island?
3. A fiord and a bay?
4. A saeter and a stabur?
5. Norway and Holland?



Norwegian Government Railways

THE STABUR, OR STOREHOUSE, WHERE THE WINTER SUPPLIES ARE KEPT

FISHERMEN FARMERS

ALTHOUGH they work as hard as they can, Sonja's family cannot raise on the farm everything they need. The farm is too small and the summers too short. If they are to have plenty of milk and cheese they cannot kill their cattle; so they have no meat. Almost all the crops are stored in the stabur to be eaten. There is little left to sell, yet they need money to buy clothes and tools.

To get money for extra food and clothes Sonja's father fishes. Almost every Norwegian farmer has a fishing boat. Luckily, fish swarm in Norwegian waters. The men fish for salmon in the fiords; these make the finest food. When haying is over the men and boys go off to the herring-fishing.

Herring live in the ocean, but late in the summer they swim towards the coast swarming among the skerries; they swim in schools. Sometimes there are so many fish in the schools that the men can see them long before they reach the shore.



Norwegian Government Railways

FISHING IN THE FIORD

The word is passed up the fiords, the men get out their boats, and hurry to the sea. They take the herring in nets. In a good season they get tons of them.

While the men are fishing the fish buyers from Bergen sail up and down the coast. They buy from each man what fish he is willing to sell, and take them to the city to be prepared for export. Sonja's father carries home the fish which he does not sell. They are cleaned and salted, and spread on the rocks to dry. When they are quite stiff and hard the children will carry them to the stabur.

WHEN WINTER COMES

By the end of August summer is over. In September the days grow shorter and the nights colder. The hay is in the barn, the bread, cheese, fish, and oats in the stabur. Everyone, from father to little Olaf, works at getting in the potatoes, carrots, and turnips. At last all is ready for winter.

The days grow shorter still. The sun does not rise till

half-past nine in the morning, and it sets at two in the afternoon. The rain turns to snow, which falls for days at a time, piling up in soft white drifts over everything. Little farm work can now be done, but the stock must be cared for. Between times Thorwald and his father haul logs for the fires.



Norwegian Government Railways

MAKING CHRISTMAS TOYS

Norwegian houses are heated by stoves. Most families have a stove in each room, so that a great deal of wood is required.

For the children of Norway Christmas is the great festival of the year. They hold it on December 17. For days before, the housewives are busy cleaning the house; every bit of woodwork is scrubbed; curtains are washed and put up again; stoves are polished and pots and pans shined. Then the cooking is begun and boxes and crocks are filled with cakes and sweetmeats.

On Christmas Eve the children lay their wooden shoes beside the hearth. Santa seems to like a little wooden shoe just as well as a little woollen stocking. On Christmas morning Sonja finds her shoe filled with fruit and candy and toys, as you find your stocking.

THE COD FISHING

THERE is another herring season in mid-winter. When that is over men and women prepare for the cod fishing. The men get ready their boats, nets, and lines. The women make and pack supplies of food and warm clothing.

The start is made towards the end of January. Sonja's father tells us about it. He has his own boat; he takes his eldest son and two or three men with him to help. He pays the men by giving each of them a share of the fish. At the mouth of the fiord they turn northward behind the skerry guard. Flocks of eider ducks cross their path. It is from this part of the world that most of our eiderdown comes.

At last the boats reach a fishing village on the Lofoten Islands. In February and March the cod come to these islands to spawn. They come in such numbers that the sinkers used by the fishermen rest on the backs of the fish. The large boats use nets, but Sonja's father fishes with a line more than a mile long. To the line he has fastened one thousand five hundred hooks. When the fish are running well, he and his men work night and day taking them off the hooks. In good seasons forty-five millions of fish are caught at the Lofoten Islands.

The catches are taken ashore. The fish are opened, salted, and spread on the rocks and platforms to dry; they are next stacked in heaps under round wooden covers. Most of the catch is sold to the fish buyers. Every part of the cod is useful. The heads are used for fertiliser, the roe for bait, and the livers for cod liver oil.

AN UNDERLINING GAME

Of the three single words which follow each sentence, underline the one which properly completes the statement.

1. The Norwegians farm to get——work—food—fame.
2. They fish to get——houses—cattle—money.

3. They take salmon in the——sea—fiord—river.
4. Salmon are the best——colour—work—food.
5. They fish for herring outside the——fiord—river—farm.
6. They take herring in——barrels—nets—bins.
7. They fish for cod in the——north—east—west.
8. They take the cod with——nets—traps—lines.



Norwegian Government Railways

A LAPLANDER DRIVING A REINDEER

THE LONG WINTER NIGHT

ANOTHER story which Sonja's father tells us is about the long winter night of northern Norway. At the farm the sun shines for an hour or two even on the shortest day in winter. At the cod fishing grounds there are weeks together when it never comes up at all.

It is then the opposite time of the year from that at which we visited Chesterfield Inlet. That was in midsummer. Then the northern end of the earth slants towards the sun. The sun was in sight nearly all the time. In midwinter just the opposite happens in the far north. Then the northern end of the earth slants away from the sun. For weeks he never comes into sight at all. At Hammerfest, in Norway, a town

which is built farther north than any other town in the world, the sun shines steadily for six weeks in summer, and is out of sight altogether for six weeks in winter.

During the long weeks of darkness the men work steadily at the cod fishing. They get light from the moon and from the northern lights which are very bright in that part of the world. They clean and salt the fish by torchlight. It is a cold and dangerous business, but the men do not mind if only they take plenty of fish.

A THINKING EXERCISE

Think very carefully and complete each sentence with a word of your own. Make sure you have the right word.

1. In summer, as we travel northward, the days grow .
2. At Chesterfield Inlet and Hammerfest the sun shines for weeks.
3. At the north pole it shines for six .
4. This is because, in summer, the north end of the earth slants the sun.
5. In winter the north end of the earth slants the sun.
6. Travelling northward in winter the days grow .
7. At Chesterfield Inlet and Hammerfest the sun does not rise for six .
8. At the north pole the sun does not rise for months.

THE LAPLANDERS

On one of his fishing trips Sonja's father visited the Lapp settlement on the Lyngen fiord. In the northern part of Norway and Sweden much of the ground is covered with a pale-coloured plant called reindeer moss. In this part of the country the Laplanders live with their friends the reindeer. The reindeer live on the moss.



Norwegian Government Railways

A LAPP MOTHER

The Lapps are short and not very strong, but they are clever and skilful with their hands. They used to be a nomadic race like the Arabs, but nowadays many of them have settled down by a lake or fiord, where they make their living by fishing and hunting.

They live in mud huts or in tents of reindeer skin. Their clothes are dark, but they wear bright aprons, scarfs, and head-shawls. They keep herds of reindeer, which they use instead of horses and cows. They drive them in their sleighs, and use the milk and flesh. The skin of the reindeer is made into tents, boats, clothing, and a host of small articles.

A TEST ON NORWAY

1. What direction is Norway from Holland?
2. What direction is it from Japan?

3. What oceans have we crossed in our journey here?
4. What continents have we visited?
5. What direction is Norway from Canada?
6. What ocean must we cross to reach home?
7. In what continent is Norway?
8. What kind of land have they in Norway?
9. How do the people make their living?
10. How do they earn their extra money?



Norwegian Government Railways

OSLO (OR CHRISTIANIA)

OSLO

"Ah! but you should see Oslo, that is a fine city, indeed!" remarks Sonja's father, as he fills his pipe for a last smoke. You can go there by boat round the south coast of Norway, or by train over the mountains from Bergen. Oslo was founded in 1050. It has been burned many times, so that the present city is new. It has fine wide streets, handsome houses and shops, and many factories.

Of late years the Norwegians have found another way of making money. They are making their country inviting to

tourists. They have built roads and railways and fine hotels. Thousands of people come in summer for the boating and fishing; thousands more come in winter for the skating, tobogganing, and ski-ing. Oslo is the great centre for the tourists.

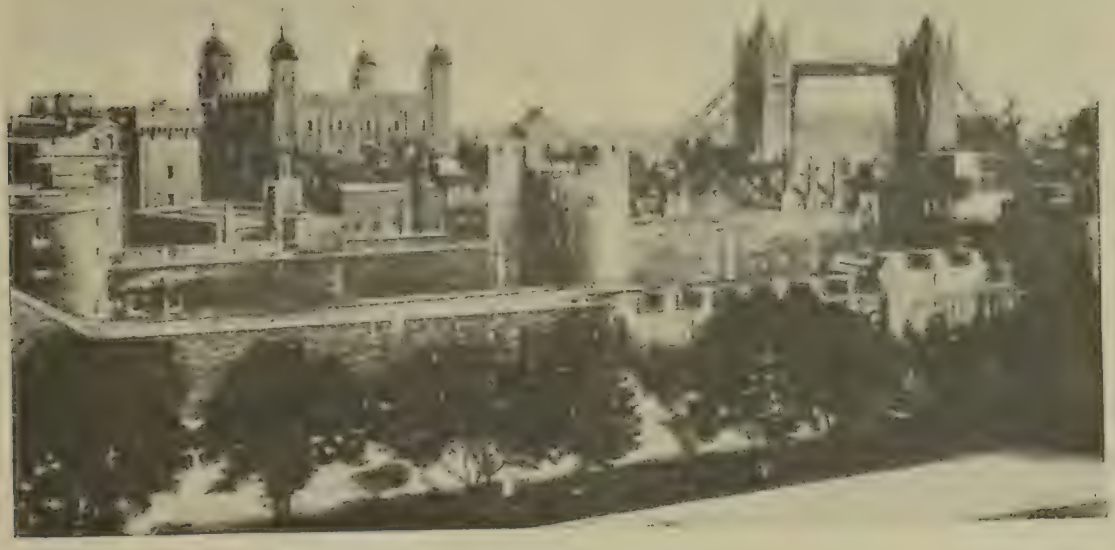
"Eleven o'clock!" cries Sonja's mother. "To bed at once."

"But father knows other stories," objects Sonja.

"He must tell no more to-night," says the mother hurrying us away. Next morning the fiord boat is early at the wharf. There is scarcely time for our thanks and good-byes.

We take the boat to Trondhjem and the train to Oslo where we find the ship which is to take us to England. We steam out through the Skerry Guard, and turn southward. All day the sun shines on a smiling blue sea. The passengers laugh and talk gaily. Next morning, however, we find the mist hiding everything. As we pass through the North Sea the rising wind whips the water into great waves. Our ship, which is much smaller than the great liners crossing the ocean, begins to roll. The talk and laughter die away. Faces grow grave, become white and, one by one, our friends retire to their berths. We who have crossed oceans and seas and found our sea-legs long ago have the deck to ourselves. We lean over the rail letting the wind beat the salt spray into our faces. As night falls over the tossing sea we go down to the dining-room with good appetities.

NEXT morning we find ourselves travelling from Hull to London, with the lovely English country-side about us. To our western eyes the farms look like gardens and the fields seem pocket-handkerchiefs. They are divided from one another by high green hedges, which make the landscape look like a dress trimmed with frills. The land rolls gently upward to low hills crowned with patches of woodland. Everywhere there are



THE TOWER OF LONDON

green meadows, graceful trees, and gardens full of flowers. We rush from one side of the coach to the other, anxious not to miss anything. We pass great houses with beautiful lawns, tiny villages with thatched cottages clustered round the church spire, the smoke of towns. "Be quick, boys and girls, there is a castle. Look, in the park yonder, a castle with a tower and battlements." We really are in England, the land of the story books.

There are only three weeks of our holiday left, and we have much to see in Great Britain. We cannot afford to waste

an hour. We are to stay at the Thackeray Hotel, which is near the British Museum, but we can send our luggage there in a taxi and ourselves do some sightseeing on the way.

We will go first to the Tower of London. The massive walls and towers make us think of the many prisoners who, in times past, have laid their heads on the Tower block. To-day the gate is open and people pass freely in and out. The girls are anxious to see the crown jewels; let us go to that room first. We are admitted by a "beef-eater," a tall guard with a pike, a bell-crowned hat, and a white ruff. His knee-length coat is cut and embroidered like a lady's dress. He wears great rosettes on his shoes and at his knees. He waves us in with a friendly smile. We see the crowns and necklaces and jewelled orders blazing in their great glass case. We are taken to visit the cells of the many famous people who have been imprisoned here. The boys like best the room where the different kinds of weapons are on display. There are so many things to see that we begin to look blindly at them, and are glad when someone notices that it is four o'clock and time for tea.

After tea in an A.B.C. shop we climb to the top of a bus going west, and are carried through the narrow crowded streets to St. Paul's Cathedral. Here most of us are content to sit looking down the long aisles and up into the great dome where the light seems to quiver with colour. We may sit resting our tired eyes till the shadows remind us that it is almost dinner time.

The morning must be spent at the British Museum, the most famous museum and library in the world. It is a plain dark building, just opposite our hotel. We scatter flocks of pigeons as we climb the steps, and pass in at the door. It would take a month at least to see all the beautiful and interesting things in the museum. We have only a morning, so we must walk quickly through the great rooms full of furniture, armour, pictures, jewellery, and statuary. In a room on the right there are glass cases covering ancient books: great ones with brass clasps and painted letters; smaller ones, whose covers are set with jewels. In a great room we find the Elgin marbles.



ENGLAND.

Among them there are some of the most beautiful statues in the world. They were brought from Greece, where they were carved centuries ago, and they have been placed here for safe keeping.

After lunch we take a bus going west down the Strand, one of the busiest streets in London. Getting off at Trafalgar Square, we look about us. Before us is the tall monument to Lord Nelson, and beyond—"Canadian Pacific," calls one; "Canada House," shouts another. Across the square stand the handsome buildings in which the Canadian Government and the great railway do business in London. The sight of them makes us feel quite at home.

Crossing Trafalgar Square, we walk down Whitehall. It is a broad street, lined with great buildings, in which are many of the government offices. Half way down on the right is the entrance to the Horse Guards. On each side of the gate a soldier on horseback is on guard. The horses are beautiful creatures, with every hair in place and every hoof shining. The soldiers wear white breeches, scarlet coats, and great fur helmets. If we had been earlier we might have seen them changing the guard. It is a thrilling sight. The men sit like statues and the horses step in perfect time, one pair stepping out, the other pair stepping into place. In the centre of Whitehall stands the Cenotaph, raised to the memory of the Soldiers of the Empire. It is a very plain memorial, but there are fresh flowers at the foot of it, and, as they pass it, no matter how hurried they are, men take off their hats and women bow their heads.

Whitehall brings us to Westminster Abbey, and the Parliament Buildings, with Buckingham Palace just beyond the park. We walk and look till legs and eyes are tired. We are glad to board a bus and return by the Victoria Embankment, a beautiful street, with the river on one side and a long line of handsome buildings on the other.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

CANTERBURY

We shall motor to Canterbury. It is a lovely drive through busy towns, pretty villages, and green country. We catch glimpses of manor houses, stop at a quaint old inn for lunch, and pass the great hop gardens of Kent.



BUTCHERY LANE, CANTERBURY

Canterbury is the place where the missionaries who brought Christianity to Britain settled more than a thousand years ago. Since that time many pilgrims have come to pray in the cathedral. The poet Chaucer has written a great poem about some of these pilgrims. It tells interesting stories about them which you must read when you are older.

Canterbury is a small city with a wall part of the way round it. The people promenade on the wall in the evenings. There are quaint streets

too, with houses whose upper story juts out over the lower. The most important building in the town is the Cathedral. It is the church of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the head of the Anglican Church. As you see in the picture, it is very beautiful. Long, long ago, a great abbey stood near this spot. The abbey and its walls are now in ruins. They lie behind the cathedral where the people have laid out the most lovely gardens you can imagine. The lawns and flowers seen against the ruined walls of the abbey make a picture which none of us will ever forget.

OXFORD

To-day we go to Oxford, to visit the great university. It is about fifty miles from London, and we could go there by bus, or by train in fifty minutes. But Oxford, too, is on the Thames, and the most delightful way to reach it is by steamer up the river. We pass slowly among the meadows and gardens. The boat goes through many locks, where we can sometimes lean from the deck and pick a flower from the lock-keeper's beds. We pass Windsor Castle, one of the country homes of the King and Queen. It stands among trees high above the river, looking like a castle in a picture-book. The flag flying from the battlements tells us that the King and Queen are now at Windsor.

We land at Folley Bridge, and walk up St. Aldate's (pronounced St. Olds), a narrow street which widens out in front of Christ Church College. Christ Church is one of the largest of the twenty or more colleges in Oxford. We step through the arch under the tower into the great quad or square which you see in the picture. The buildings, in which the students have their rooms, go round the four sides of the quad. The other colleges are built in the same way. Christ Church is nearly four hundred years old, and some of the others are



CHRIST CHURCH

older still. Think of the great number of students who must have lived here in all those years.

In the street again, we walk north to Carfax, and turn east down the High Street. The High Street has colleges on both sides, and the charming curve in it gives us a view of the towers of those which lie beyond. All the colleges are open to the public. People walk about and sit and work or read in the gardens. We walk in the "water walk" of Magdalen College and watch the deer feeding in the park. We look at the ancient city wall in the grounds of New College, and go to see the rock garden in St. John's. When we return to the Mitre Hotel for dinner we shall have seen some of the most beautiful buildings in Europe.

ENGLAND

Fill the right direction in the space in each sentence.

1. England is _____ of Norway.
2. England is _____ of Holland.
3. England is _____ of Egypt.
4. England is _____ of America.

When you have answered all these questions, you may ask them of mother and father. See how many they can answer.

1. The Skerry Guard
2. Oslo
3. The North Sea
4. The Thames
5. Battlements
6. The Thackeray Hotel
7. A thatch
8. The British Museum
9. The Crown Jewels
10. Beef-eaters
11. A.B.C. shops
12. St. Paul's
13. The Strand
14. Trafalgar Square
15. Whitehall
16. Buckingham Palace
17. A manor house
18. Folley Bridge
19. Christ Church College
20. A quad



THE ROMAN WALL, COLCHESTER

COLCHESTER

ANOTHER place which we must visit is Colchester. Colchester is one of the oldest places in England. It was a busy town in the days of the Romans; it is a busy and prosperous town still. There is a great Norman castle here. From the front it looks strong, but it is really a ruin. Part of it has been

repaired and is used as a museum. Thousands of Roman pots, vases, coins, and jewels have been dug up in the town and are kept here.

The largest "antique" and the most beautiful thing in Colchester is the Roman wall. A long stretch of it runs by the park. It has settled down comfortably and is crowned with the green of bushes and shrubs. The years have mellowed it to a hundred soft shades of red and brown and orange. We may walk beside it and pass our hands over its old, old stones. It was built by men, but it is so old that it has come to wear the colour and expression of a living thing.

THINGS TO DO

1. Find out the name of a town in England which has a Roman bath.
2. Find out a town which has a Roman name.
3. Find out another place in England which has a Roman wall.
4. Find out when the Romans lived in England.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Our time in England is growing short, but there is one more place to which we must go. We must see Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare. It is such a brisk, business-like little red-brick town that, at first, we are disappointed. It does not seem like the home of the greatest poet who ever lived.

Soon, however, we are through the streets and have reached the little park where we may walk by the lovely river-side. We look across the water to the green meadows and the woods where Shakespeare played when he was a boy. The streets have been rebuilt, but the river and fields are just as he knew them. We go to see the house where he was born, and then, reverently, to the church where he lies, for all his glory, sleeping like any other.



TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

SHAKESPEARE

Write a story about Shakespeare by filling in the spaces in these sentences.

Shakespeare was an man. He was born in . His father was a . Shakespeare played in the and . When he grew up, he went to . He became an . Then he began to write . He wrote the greatest that have ever been written. He wrote an amusing play called . He wrote a tragic play called . When he had made a good deal of money, he went back to live in . He died there and is buried in the .

BIRMINGHAM

If we are to have any time in Scotland and in Ireland, we must hurry away. We take the train to Birmingham, one of the great manufacturing cities of England. "Brum," as its people call it, is a friendly place, but it is not beautiful. Endless miles of dull brick houses cover the ground, and the smoke

from the vast factories and ironworks hides the sky. Near at hand there are half a dozen great cities: Coventry, where the Daimler cars are made; Manchester, which is noted for its cotton goods; Bradford for its woollens; Sheffield for its cutlery.

Birmingham is not all brick houses and smoke, however. In the very centre of the city stands a great art gallery. We should enjoy wandering about among the pictures for days. As it is we must hurry from one famous painting to another. Many of them we have seen in small prints at home, and it is delightful now to enjoy the fresh colours of the real pictures. In this gallery there are a great many paintings and drawings by the artist Burne Jones. We must buy some post cards and prints of these so that we may study them after we reach home.



G. P. Abraham, Keswick

WORDSWORTH'S DAFFODILS AT ULLSWATER

THE LAKE COUNTRY

On our way north again we find ourselves among fields of grain and roots, which remind us of home. The farms are larger and the tilled fields look much more like Canadian ones than the green pasture-lands of the south.

Our next stop is at Ambleside, where we leave the train and

take the coach to Keswick. We have not time to stay, but we may at least drive through the famous "Lake Country." Here, among the great hills, lie a number of beautiful lakes. The land is rocky, and is used mainly for sheep farming. Not nearly so many people live here as in the south. It is all as quiet and restful as if London and Birmingham were a thousand miles away. The Lake country is so beautiful that many poets and writers have made their homes here. Wordsworth is the most famous of the "Lake Poets." He lived and is buried in Grassmere, a pretty village through which we pass. Nowadays there are a good many hotels and boarding-houses in the lake villages, because a great many people go there every year to spend their summer holidays.



THINGS TO DO

Study the wall map or the map in a geography and then do the things suggested below.

1. On the map draw the Thames River.
2. Make a large circle for London.
3. Make a small circle for Oxford.
4. Mark Canterbury. Will it be a large or small circle?
5. Mark Birmingham. Will it be a large or small circle?
6. Mark Colchester. What did we see there?
7. Mark Manchester. Tell what it is noted for.
8. Mark Bradford. Tell what it is noted for.
9. Mark Sheffield. Tell what it is noted for.
10. Mark Nottingham. Find out what it is noted for.

11. Mark Liverpool. Find out what it is noted for.

12. Make a large square to show where the Lake Country is.

13. Draw the boundary between England and Scotland.

14. Print the name of the sea which lies between England and Ireland.

15. Mark Edinburgh. On what coast of Scotland is it?

16. Mark Glasgow. On what coast of Scotland is it?

17. Mark Belfast and Dublin. On what coast of Ireland are they?



Photochrom

EDINBURGH: THE CASTLE

EDINBURGH

A NIGHT'S journey in the train takes us across the border to Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. It stands among the hills on the south side of the Firth of Forth, not far from the sea. A great rock stands boldly up in the centre of the city, and upon this rock Edinburgh Castle is built. It must have been a fine place for defence in the old days when fighting was going on continually.

On our way to visit the castle we pass through Princes Street, a long and very beautiful street, which leads through the city. In Princes Street stands the monument to Sir Walter Scott, the great novelist. Under the graceful spire sits a statue of Scott with his dog, Maida, beside him. Princes Street has many fine buildings, and is flanked on one side by the rock and Edinburgh Castle in so graceful and dignified a way that many people think it the most beautiful street in Europe.

We shall visit Holyrood Palace, which was once the home of the kings of Scotland. We walk about the castle on the

rock, gazing at the thick walls and great rooms. Near at hand, on the great rock, is the beautiful chapel which Scotland has built in memory of the soldiers who fell in the Great War. Every bit of material in the chapel was found in Scotland, and none but Scottish hands touched it in the building. It is so beautiful that it makes people stand quiet and still, some of them have tears in their eyes as they look at it.

Edinburgh is not a great manufacturing city, but it does a great deal of shipping business. One of the greatest bridges in the world crosses the Firth of Forth and carries the north-bound traffic. On the Firth lies Leith, the port of Edinburgh. Here ships swarm at the wharves and sail in and out continually.

GLASGOW

To reach Glasgow we cross Scotland from east to west. It is only forty-seven miles. On our journey we pass through Stirling, one of the ancient capitals of Scotland. Its castle, too, is built on a great rock which, at one end, rises sheer out of the plain. The city is built on the long slope of the rock. We climb through it to the castle, which is a low-browed, frowning place with great lumps of stone sticking out all over it like the nails in a hob-nailed boot. A thousand fighting stories are told of Stirling Castle. Near the city is a fine statue of Sir William Wallace, the champion who six hundred years ago saved Scotland from the English. He stands, a great mailed figure, with his arm raised towards the south, as though he still warned the English back.

Glasgow is the most important business city in Scotland. It lies among hills on both sides of the River Clyde, and it has many fine bridges and buildings. Glasgow manufactures many things, but shipbuilding is the most important work which is done here. It was in Glasgow that James Watt improved the steam engine. Here, too, Henry Bell proved that ships

could be driven by steam. The country round Glasgow has a great deal of coal and iron. Everything seems to have worked together to make Glasgow one of the greatest ship-building cities in the world. The people have spent vast sums of money in widening and deepening the Clyde so that even the largest ships can go down to the sea safely. Great docks have been built and, nowadays, thousands of men work at building the great steel ships that cross the ocean to every land.

BELFAST

At Glasgow we go aboard the *Montrose*, a Canadian Pacific liner on its way to Canada. Next week, we shall take its sister ship, the *Montclair*, and set out for home. Five days of our holiday remain, and we are to spend them in Ireland. The *Montrose* will drop us at Belfast. We waken in the morning to find ourselves sailing past the lovely Irish coast. Green hills rise behind, tiny white villages tuck themselves in at their feet, and the blue sea washes all. Our great ship enters the outer harbour, but there is not time for it to go up the River Lagan to the city. A tender comes fussing down the river for us. It is quite an adventure to climb down the stairs at the side of the ship and step upon the little boat which rises and falls like a cork on the swell of the big liner.

From the outer harbour Belfast looks like a city in a dream, spires and towers rising against a pearly sky. As a matter of fact the city is built on low, level land, which has been reclaimed from the sea. It is not more than six feet above sea level, and for that reason was long a very unhealthy place in which to live. It is now carefully drained and has no more illness than any other large city.

Belfast is the centre of the Irish linen trade. In its great mills the finest and strongest linen is woven. Linen is made from flax. The plant stalks are first softened by being placed in water. They are then hackled, or split up into fibres, by being passed across machines with many sharp teeth. A good deal of flax is still hackled by hand, the men beating the straw against the teeth of the machine. After the straw has been split up it is combed out in long straight lines and sorted. It is then passed through the drawing frames, which make the end of one stalk overlap the end of another, press the two together, and so draw the whole out into a long, thin thread. The rollers then twist two, three, or more threads together, making a fine strong thread for weaving.

DUBLIN

HAVING visited the linen mills and warehouses, we have still two days in which to see Dublin. Dublin is the capital of Ireland. It is about a hundred miles south of Belfast. Dublin is built at the head of a fine bay and has the River Liffey running through it. It is a gay place. The people have black eyes and hair and red cheeks, and the prettiest voices in the



Topical Press Agency

THE NEW DUBLIN

world. They speak with a kind of singing lilt in their sentences that is very pleasant to hear. We stop to ask the policemen the way twice as often as we need do, just to hear the merry voices and the delightful brogue which makes everyone like the Irish. Dublin is not a manufacturing city, but it exports a good deal of farm produce. It is proud of its castle, its cathedral, and its university, and holds itself a little above Belfast and its other working neighbours.

At Belfast again; the tender takes us out to catch the *Montclair*. We leave our luggage in a heap while we lean over the rail to watch the fair Irish shores fade away in the dusk. The Canadian voices about remind us that our long journey is nearly over. It has been a great adventure. We have enjoyed every mile of the road, but everyone feels a great thrill of gladness to be going home.

It takes us four days to cross the Atlantic Ocean. On the fifth day everyone begins to watch for the first sight of land. Afternoon comes, tea is over, then someone shouts, "Land in sight!" "Here we are." And everyone rushes to look. Before night we are in the Strait of Belle Isle. But in the morning we look out of the porthole upon the blue ocean again. The Gulf of St. Lawrence is so large that one could not tell it from the ocean except that the ship rides steadily and all those who have been seasick now appear at table.

Two long sunny days carry us across the gulf and up the great river, which we think the noblest thing we have seen in all our journeyings. Night finds us at Quebec, morning at Montreal. Our luggage must be shown to the customs office. There are calls and good-byes, and the train to catch, for we have still half a continent to cross. Three days in the train, and we must separate, each going to his own home. We have grown to be great friends, but we can scarcely wait to be at home. What stories we shall have to tell them all. When we step from the train at Winnipeg we shall have been all the way round the world.

THINGS TO DO

1. Write the names of the continents we have visited.
2. Write the names of the oceans we have crossed.
3. Write the names of all the countries we have seen.
4. Make a list of the cities we have visited.
5. Write the different colours of the peoples we have seen.
6. Write down the work which is done by each people we have visited.

THE TEACHER GAVE US AN EXAMINATION ON THE COUNTRIES WE HAD VISITED

1. What is the difference between an igloo and a kyack?
2. What length of days did we find at Chesterfield Inlet.
3. Upon what do the Japanese mainly live? Why?
4. Why do they use jinrikshas?
5. Why are Japanese boys and girls ceasing to wear kimonas?
6. Why are there three great rivers in China?
7. What stands at the mouth of each river?
8. In what place does the most rain fall?
9. How has the Ganges valley been made?
10. Why is it so hot in Kenya?
11. What is a rift valley?
12. What crops do they grow in Toro's country?
13. Why are the desert people nomads?
14. Why is the middle of the great land mass a desert?
15. What does the Nile do for Egypt?
16. What is a delta?
17. Where is the Suez Canal?
18. How did we get from Cairo to Switzerland?
19. Why do Swiss farmers not grow wheat?
20. For what is Geneva noted?
21. Where is the source of the Rhine?
22. How do the Dutch enlarge their country?
23. What is a polder?
24. How does Jan go to school in winter?
25. What does Truitje's uncle grow?
26. What kinds of fish does Sonja's father catch?
27. What is a fiord? A stabur?
28. What kind of winter days do they have in Norway?
29. What is the national sport of Norway?
30. What do the people of the British Isles chiefly work at?
31. Which British trip did you enjoy most? Why?

THE EARTH

The teacher asked us to tell the other boys and girls what we had learned on our journey round the world. We read over our diaries, prepared speeches and stories, and gave them in the oral composition class. John Gay explained to the juniors about the earth.

"The earth," he said, "is a sphere, that is, it is round. It is shaped like an orange, bulging a little round the middle and flattened at each end. The flattened places are called the north and south poles.

"During the first part of our long journey we travelled towards the middle of the earth, and we found that the nearer we came to the middle the hotter it grew. It was warmer in South Japan than it is in Canada, hotter still in India, and when we reached Kenya we found it very hot indeed.

"This is because Kenya lies across the equator. The equator is an imaginary line which runs all round the earth, marking the middle of it. Equatorial countries lie directly under the sun. When we were there the sun's rays fell straight down on us. Straight rays are short rays and carry a great deal of heat. If we had gone out without our hats we should have had sunstroke. Not only is it warmer in those countries than it is in Canada, but it is warm all the year round. They have no winter. As soon as Toro's people have harvested one crop they plant another.

"As we travelled from the equator towards the north pole we found that the nearer we got to the pole the cooler it grew. If we had travelled towards the south pole we should have found the same thing happening. North and south of the equator the sun's rays fall slantingly. When we stood in the sun we cast a long shadow. Slanting rays are long rays; they lose much of their heat before they touch the earth. The nearer we got to the north pole the more the rays slanted and the cooler we found the climate.

"We found out two other ways in which countries are made warm. It is colder in Switzerland than it is in Holland or in England, because Switzerland is high up among the mountains. Countries which lie low and close to the sea are warmer.

"Japan is not near the equator, and Norway is quite near the north pole, but these two countries are warmed by currents of warm water which flow past their shores. Warm seas about a country make its climate mild."

THE DIRECTIONS

HATTIE LONG told how we found our way about in distant places.

"When walking about in a strange city you must be careful to notice the direction you take so that you may be able to find your way back," said Hattie. "It is easy enough to find the way on a sunny day. When we wished to know the directions we looked for an open space and stood in the sun. In all the countries north of the equator one's shadow points, at noon, towards the north. We stood in the sun and faced our shadows. Then our right hands pointed towards the east, our left hands towards the west, and our backs were towards the south.



"When we were travelling across the desert at night Mohammed Ali guided us by the stars. There is one star which is always in the same place. It stands directly above the north pole. It is called the North Star or the Pole Star. It is a small star, but it is not hard to find. You find it in this way.

"You look about the sky till you find the Big Dipper. You

look at the two stars which make the front of the Dipper. These two stars are called the Pointers; they point towards the North Star. A line drawn through the Pointers would end in the North Star."

MAPS

MARIE MERCIER told about maps. "Maps," said Marie, "are a most important part of a traveller's luggage. Before we landed in a new country we were careful to study a map of it. In this way we always knew where we wanted to go and how to get there.

"A map is a picture of the earth or of any part of it. If you look at the map on the wall you will see that it shows the size of the country and its position. It shows where the land is level and where there are mountains; it shows the towns and the roads leading to them, with the lakes and rivers to be crossed.



THE GLOBE
(Find our ship)

"When your father takes you for a long drive in the car he takes with him a map of the country. By looking at it he finds out the directions and knows just where to turn.

"It is easy to find the directions on the map, for the top of the map is always north; the right hand side of the map is east; the bottom south; the left-hand side west.

"The earth is a sphere, so the map of the world is usually drawn on a ball. Such a map is called a globe. The globe, like the earth, has more than one side. We cannot see it all at once. We look at one side, then we turn it round and look at the other side.

"We could not put a ball into a book, only flat maps can be



D. Jewell.

WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

put into books. We wanted to show you a map of our journey so we have tried to do it in this way. We have made two flat maps. The first map shows you our journey round one-half of the earth, the second map shows it round the other half."

THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

"The first map shows the western half of the earth. As the earth is a sphere, half the earth is half a sphere, that is a hemisphere. This is a map of the western hemisphere. The large pieces of water are called oceans; the large pieces of land continents.

We live in the western hemisphere. We began our journey at Vancouver, on the west coast of Canada. Having travelled round the world, we came home by Montreal, in Eastern Canada.

The map has been coloured to show you what the different parts of the world look like. The ocean has been coloured blue because the water of the ocean is a beautiful bright blue. The green parts of the continents are lands where enough rain falls to make the trees and grass grow. The brown parts are mountain lands, or lands so dry that trees and grass will not grow. The white parts are lands which are covered with snow and ice most of the year.

THINGS TO DO

1. Point to the north on the map; point to the east; to the south; to the west.

2. Point to the larger ocean; tell its name. Point to the smaller ocean; tell it's name.

3. Point to the larger continent; tell its name. Point to the smaller continent; tell its name.

4. Find Canada on the map. Tell in what continent Canada lies.

Tell in what part of the continent it is. Tell how much of the continent it covers.

5. Tell why our continent is called North America.
6. Tell what ocean lies east of North America.
7. Tell what ocean lies west of America.
8. Tell what ocean we crossed at the beginning of our journey.
9. Tell what ocean we crossed coming home.
10. Find the dry lands on the map of North America.
11. Find the cold lands. Tell why they are cold.
12. Find two islands on the map.
13. Find South America on the map.
14. Why is it called South America?
15. What size is it compared with North America?
16. Find the mountains in South America.
17. Find the wet lands of South America?
18. What ocean lies east of South America?
19. What ocean lies west of South America?
20. Find the isthmus which joins North and South America. Tell what an isthmus is.

THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE

We have turned the globe towards the east. This map shows the continents and oceans which lie on the other side of the earth. It shows the eastern hemisphere.

As you see, there are two large continents and two small ones in the eastern hemisphere. The largest one is called Eurasia. It is so large that it has been divided into two continents. The eastern part, in which the yellow people live, is called Asia. The western part, in which the white people live, is called Europe. There are really five continents in the eastern hemisphere.

There are parts of all the five oceans in the eastern hemisphere. All of the Indian Ocean is in it, and parts of the other four oceans come into it. The line across the oceans and continents indicates the route described in this book.



EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

THINGS TO DO

Cross out the wrong word in each of these sentences. Make each sentence say what you think it should say.

1. Asia is east south of North America.
2. Australia is west south of Asia.
3. Africa is east west of Australia.
4. Europe is east north of Africa.
5. Europe is north east of North America.
6. Antarctica is south west of all the other continents.
7. The Indian Ocean lies between Australia and Europe Africa.
8. The Antarctic Ocean is east south of Africa.
9. The Arctic Ocean lies round the north south pole.
10. The Atlantic Ocean lies west south of Africa.
11. The Pacific Ocean lies west east of Asia.
12. Africa lies west north of Antarctica.
13. Europe lies west north-west of Australia.
14. Asia lies north-east south of Africa.
15. The largest continent is Asia Africa.
16. The smallest continent is Europe Australia.
17. The smallest ocean is the Arctic Indian Ocean.
18. The middle of Australia is wet dry.
19. The middle of Africa is wet dry.
20. The highest mountains are in Africa Asia.

THE CONTINENT GAME

Let one pupil be "it." Let him think of a continent. Let the other pupils ask him questions. Let them ask: "Is it the largest continent?" "Is it east of the Pacific Ocean?" "Is it west of Africa?" When any pupil has guessed the name of the continent, he may be "it."



THINGS TO DO

1. Play the ocean game in the same way.
2. These pictures are little maps of the seven continents. Look at them carefully. Think of the name of each one.
3. Look carefully at the largest continent. Close the book and draw the map in your diary. Write the name under it. Do this with each continent in turn.
4. Trace our journey on the globe.
5. Name the continents visited in order.
6. Name the oceans in the order in which we crossed them.
7. Name the countries we visited in the order in which we visited them.
8. Tell what ocean touches each country.
9. Tell what country has no ocean touching it.
10. Tell what kind of land each country has.
11. Tell what kind of weather each country has.
12. Tell what kind of crops grow in each country.
13. Tell what colour the people of each country are.
14. Tell what continents we have not visited.
15. Tell what ocean we have not crossed.

BOOKS FOR HOME READING

Man and the Earth. By J. W. Page. (Macdonald and Evans.)

The Four Wonders. By E. E. Schillig (Rand McNally & Co.)

Young Folk's Book of Other Lands. By D. M. Stuart. (Little, Brown and Company.)

Our Neighbours Near and Far. By Ruth Thompson. (Harr Wagner Publishing Company.)

How and Where We Live. By Nellie B. Allen. (Ginn and Company.)

Child Life in Other Lands. By H. Avis Perdue. (Rand McNally & Co.)

Human Geography, The World. By J. Fairgrieve and Ernest Young. (D. Appleton and Company.)

The World and Its Wonders, Cambridge Geographical Readers, Book I. (Cambridge University Press.)

Around the World with the Children. By Frank G. Carpenter. (American Book Company.)

How We are Fed. By James F. Chamberlain. (The Macmillan Company Inc.)

The Children of the Cold. (Educational Publishing Company.)

Land of the Long Night. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Children of the Palm Lands. By Alice E. Allen. (Educational Publishing Company.)

Alice in Jungleland (Africa). By Mary Hastings Bradley. (D. Appleton and Company.)

Hassan in Egypt. By McDonald, Blaisdell, and Dalrymple (Little, Brown and Company.)

In the Endless Sands. By Scott and Kay. (Henry Holt and Company.)

Rafael in Italy. By McDonald, Blaisdell, and Dalrymple. (Little, Brown and Company.)

When I was a Boy in Palestine. By Mousa J. Kaleel. (Lothrop, Lea and Shepherd.)

The Swiss Twins.
The Dutch Twins. } By Lucy Fitch Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.)
Marta in Holland.

Gerda in Sweden. By McDonald, Blaisdell, and Dalrymple (Little, Brown and Company.)

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The Wonderful Adventures of Nils (Sweden). By Selma Lägerlof. (Doubleday, Doran and Company.)

Bibi, A little Danish Girl. By Michaelis Karin. (Doubleday, Doran and Company.)

What Happened to Inger Johanne. By Dikken Zwilgmeyer. (Lothrop, Lea and Shepherd.)

Dutch Days. By May Emery Hall. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Lisbeth Longfrock. By Hans Aanrud. (Ginn and Company.)

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THE END

INDEX

Aden, 85–6
Africa, 85–142
Agra, 81
Albert, Lake, 96, 109
Alkmaar, 84
Alps Mountains, 146
Ambleside, 220
Amsterdam, 188–90
Arabia, 85
Asia, 47–84, 234
Assiniboine River, 2
Assuan, 126
Atlantic Ocean, 141, 228

Basle, 168
Balfast, 226
Belle Isle, Strait of, 228
Bergen, 193–4
Birmingham, 219–20
Blue Nile. *See* Nile River
Bombay, 81, 85
Bradford, 220

Cairo, 130–1
Calcutta, 70, 78
Canterbury, 214–15
Canton, 62, 65
Ceylon, 68–70
Chesterfield Inlet, 2, 7, 9
China, 48–64, 65
Christiania. *See* Oslo
Churchill River, 7
Clyde River, 224
Colchester, 217–18
Colombo, 68
Congo River, 106
Coventry, 220

Dublin, 227

Edinburgh, 223–4
Egypt, 126–42
El Dueim, 111
England, 211–21
Eurasia, 234
Europe, 142—234

Flin Flon Mine, 1, 2, 4, 5
Fort Churchill, 2, 5, 7
Fort William, 5
Forth, Firth of, 223, 224
Fujiyama, 28

Ganges River, 70, 78, 81
Geneva, 167
Genoa, 142
Germany, 168
Glasgow, 224
Gondoroka, 109
Grand Canal, China, 53
Grasmere, 221
Great Desert of Africa, 111, 112–25
Great Wall of China, 61
Gulf Stream, 196

Haarlem, 185
Hammerfest, 206
Hangchow, 53, 54
Hankow, 60
Himalaya Mountains, 66–7, 78
Holland, 171–90, 193, 231
Hong Kong, 65
Hoogly River, 70
Hudson Bay, 2, 7
Hudson Bay Junction, 3, 4
Hudson Bay Railway, 5
Hull, 211
Hwang River, 60

India, 66–84, 138, 230
Indian Ocean, 66, 85, 141, 234
Ireland, 226–8
Ismaila, 142
Italy, 142, 144–5

Japan, 30, 32–46, 230, 231
Jinja, 93, 96

Kandy, 69
Kenya, 86, 88–91, 230
Keswick, 221
Kettle Rapids, 6
Khartoum, 109, 111–12, 127
Kioja, Lake, 96
Kisumu, 92, 93
Kobe, 45, 46

Lagan River, 226
Lake Country, England, 220–1
Lapland, 208
Leith, 224
Liffey River, 227
Lofoten Islands, 205
London, 211–13
Lyngen Fiord, 208

Malde, 196
Manchester, 220
Mandy Mine, 5
Manitoba, 2, 4
Mediterranean Sea, 141, 142
Mombasa, 86, 88
Montreal, 228, 233

Nagasaki, 46
Nairobi, 89, 91
Nelson River, 6
Netherlands. *See* Holland
Nile River, 93, 96, 107, 109, 111, 112, 126–9;
 Blue Nile, 127; White Nile, 109, 127
Nimule, 109
North Pole, 9
North Sea, 173
Norway, 192–210, 231

Oslo, 209–10
Oxford, 215–16

Pacific Ocean, 48, 66
Pas, The, 4, 5
Pearl River, 62–3, 65
Peking, 53, 61
Po River, 144
Port Said, 142
Portage La Prairie, 3

Quebec, 228

Red River, 2
Red Sea, 85, 141
Rhine River, 168–9
Ripon Falls, 93, 96
Rotterdam, 175

St. Gotthard Tunnel, 147, 168
St. Lawrence, Gulf of, 228
Saskatchewan River, 4
Scotland, 223–5
Selimah, 113
Shanghai, 49–50, 62
Sheffield, 220
Sheritt-Gordon Mine, 5
Si River. *See* Pearl River
Singapore, 66
Skerry Guard, 210
Stirling, 224
Stratford-on-Avon, 218
Sudan, 111
Suez Canal, 141–2
Switzerland, 146–69, 231

Thames River, 215
Tokio, 37, 42
Trondhjem, 210

Uganda, 96–105

Vancouver, 26, 233
Venice, 144
Victoria, Lake, 92, 93

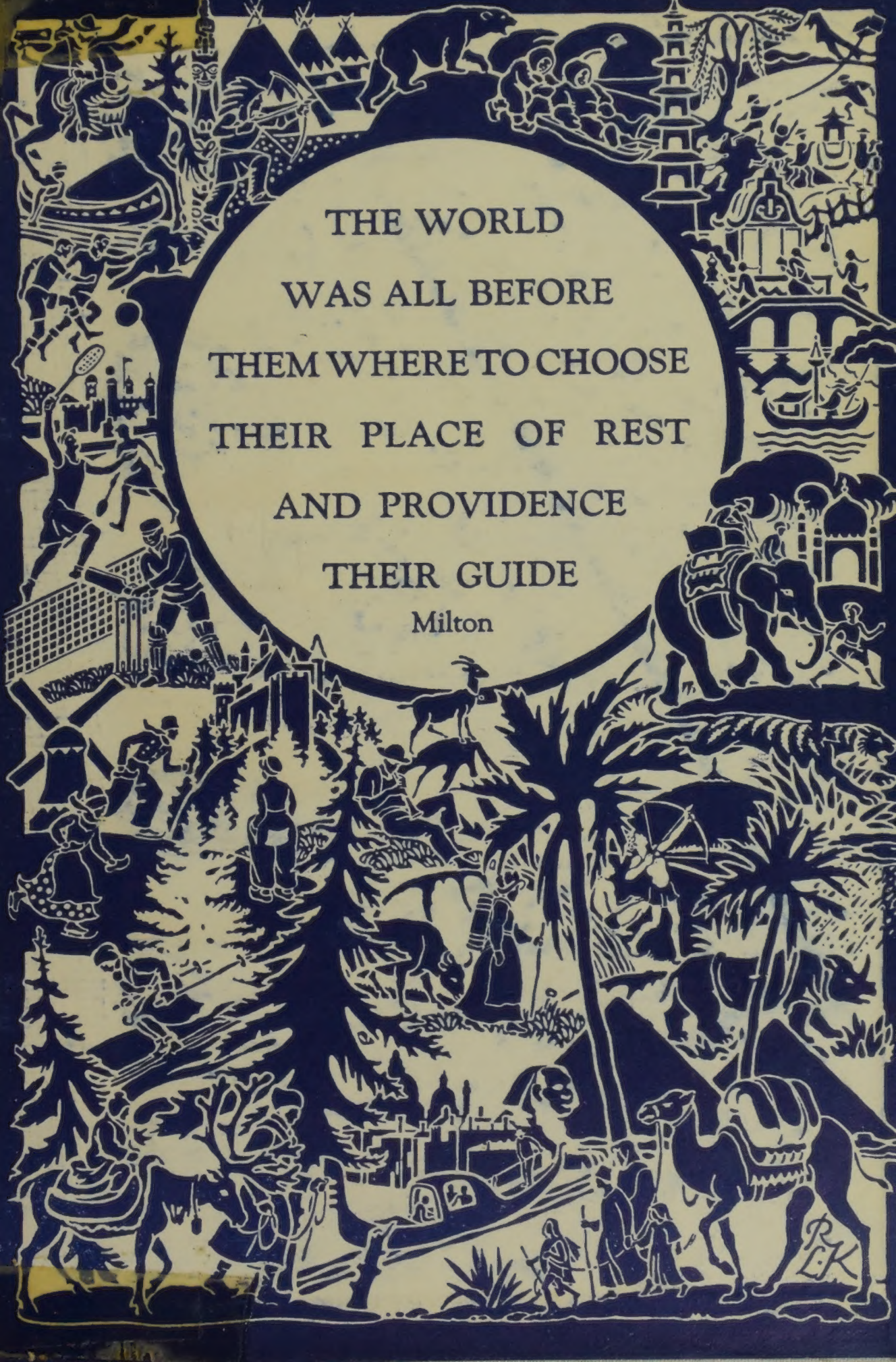
Waal River, 169, 171
Wady Halfa, 112, 113, 126
White Nile. *See* Nile River
Windsor, 215
Winnipeg, 2–3, 228

Yangtse River, 49, 52
Yellow Sea, 47, 49
Yokohama, 34–5
Yokohama Bay, 33

Zuider Zee, 190
Zürich, 163–4; Lake, 163

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